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EXACTLY what we expect to accomplish in Mexico is in desperate need of authoritative definition. If our minds are set on intervention to restore order in Mexico, we know of a certainty that we must accept war. If we are still seeking merely the defense of our own border against banditry and can devise no better method than that of holding Mexican territory jointly with hostile Mexican forces, we shall have war whether we want it or not. And if we must have war, why all this feverish haste about it? This is not a case in which a quick blow is necessary before our antagonist can marshal his resources. Mexico is practically as well prepared for war as she will ever be; how inadequately we are prepared for war is made startlingly clear by Mr. Henry L. Stimson's letter of June 28th in the New York *Times*. When the National Guard regiments, now being rushed to the front, are recruited up to full strength, not more than thirty per cent of their personnel will have even the meagre training afforded by one year in the Guard. And that year represents just one twenty-fourth of the time given to intensive training by European countries before a recruit is considered fitted for the front. Manifestly it is political, not military counsels that are pressing an invasion of Mexico with these ill-trained forces. Such show of force, even if it is little more than show, may conceivably make the Mexican government back down. But the temper of the Mexican government, it would seem, has been sufficiently tested, and we can not afford to play with life and death in further experimenting with it. What Mr. Stimson urges is that if the purposes of our Mexican policy, to be executed by military means, involve a state of war, let us recognize this state, and let our policy be guided by military canons, not political. Withdraw our forces, if need be, from Mexican soil and establish a line that our regular forces can hold against Mexican attack until we have had time for adequate preparation.

FOR many days before the Carrizal incident our government had full information of the Mexican military orders to repel any American advance not directed northward. Etiquette required that Carranza should give notice of such a purpose to Washington, not transmit it to Pershing through Trevino. Accordingly, under the laws of etiquette Washington knew nothing about the orders. But etiquette can be too scrupulously observed at a time of crisis like the present. What the case required was either a sharp note to Carranza demanding the countermanding of the offensive orders, or an order to Pershing to keep his men in camp while the matter was under discussion. Through the failure of our government to act upon either alternative, we are placed before the world in the ugly light of a nation that wants a fight, and has not the moral energy to proceed without manoeuvering for a technically just cause.

MEXICAN treachery is something we were all taught by our school histories to believe in. This may account for the readiness with which we accepted the first highly colored reports of the

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Carrizal encounter. Captain Morey's account now makes it plain that the Mexican commander conducted himself much as any other competent military commander might have done. He was under orders to stop the advance of the American soldiers, and gave due warning of the fact. The American soldiers were under orders to proceed to their destination, and on the belief that the Mexican forces were not strong enough to hold their ground, formed for attack and advanced. Instead of running as they were expected to do the Mexicans opened fire. What evidence have we here of treachery? Such incidents will be inevitable so long as the two governments remain at a deadlock and permit the issue of orders by their respective commanders that are certain to lead to clashes of armed troops. Mexico and the United States are neither at peace nor at war, and for this confusion American and Mexican soldiers must pay with their blood, shed in vain.

THE prevailing impatience over the failure of the National Guard to mobilize promptly and without friction is scarcely reasonable. All well informed people anticipated what has taken place. The state militia has been neither organized, equipped nor trained so as to make of them a dependable body of soldiers. They are being shipped off to the Mexican border rather faster than might have been expected. The real ground for criticism is not that they are being mobilized too slowly but that it is necessary to assign them to active service so quickly. They are not ready for the vicissitudes and dangers of a campaign. In the case of a war against a nation with a thoroughly equipped and trained army, it would be both culpable and disastrous to expose such a body of troops on or near the firing line, or to subject them to the rigors of active military service. They can doubtless give a sufficiently good account of themselves against the half-armed, ill officered and badly trained Mexican armies, but if they have to be dispatched in the near future into Mexico, they will suffer cruelly from lack of mere physical preparation. No wonder the militia is going to the border reluctantly and in many cases with bitterness in their hearts. They were never intended for police duty of this kind and they should never be called upon to perform it.

THOSE officers and soldiers in the National Guard who are leaving their ordinary occupations reluctantly, and with a sense of grievance against the government, should however bear in mind one extenuating circumstance. Last winter when this problem of increasing the army was under discussion, the War Department proposed a plan for a Continental army whose object was in part to relieve the state militia of responsibility for active service except in time of great emergency. That plan was defeated at least in part because the state militia as a body objected to being superseded as the second line of the national military organization. The National Guard insisted on being "federalized," and if it is to be "federalized" it must be willing to accept as part of its regular job full liability for any kind of service required by the policy of the national government. Because they insisted on being "federalized" its members certainly blunted the edge of any personal grievance against the administration for calling them out; but it does not justify the administration in not having fought harder for a properly trained national army. Although the President knew what was needed and how ill prepared, morally as well as physically, the state militia must be for national police duty, he weakly consented to the exigency of Congress and the National Guard. The utter lack of enthusiasm of the militia for their present service constitutes a sufficient justification for reversing the prevailing policy of converting local territorial troops into a national army. If the President is obliged to ask for volunteers, the new recruits should not be incorporated in existing units of the state militia. They should be organized into an independent body of national troops, which after this Mexican business is over, could be perpetuated as the core of a Continental army.

ONE of the few important constructive proposals to be found in either platform is the one embodied in the following passage from that of the Republican party:

> Transportation.—Interstate and intrastate transportation have become so interwoven that the attempt to apply two and often several sets of laws to its regulation has produced conflicts of authority, embarrassment in operation, and inconvenience and expense to the public. The entire transportation system of the country has become essentially national. We therefore favor such action by legislation—or, if necessary, through an amendment to the Constitution of the United States—as will result in placing it under exclusive federal control.

The Republican platform was adopted June 9th. In accepting his party's nomination the day following, Mr. Hughes touched upon the transportation question in the following words:

> We must take up the serious problems of transportation, of interstate and foreign commerce, in a sensible and candid manner, and provide an enduring basis for prosperity by the intelligent use of the constitutional power of Congress, so as adequately to protect the public on the one hand, and on the other to conserve the essential instrumentalities of progress.

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NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Hughes's more general language on the railroad situation, probably the essential divergence between his views and those of his party on this important matter is to be found in the faintly expressed doubt of the latter whether the national government would, without a constitutional amendment, have the power to carry out the proposed reform. But that phase of the question would seem to have been disposed of by the Supreme Court's decisions in the Minnesota Rate case (230 U. S.) and the Shreveport case (234 U. S.) which quite clearly lay down the principle that the national government may regulate the intrastate rates of interstate carriers with a view to establishing one harmonious system of rates for such carriers, that is to say, for practically all the railway lines of the country. It is interesting to note, moreover, that in both these litigations Mr. Hughes spoke for the Court. What will the zealous guardians of the purity of the judicial ermine have to say on that point?

THE Progressive National Committee added little to its own glory, or for that matter to Mr. Hughes's strength, by the "endorsement." In private talk and even in public interviews these gentlemen announce the undoubted truth that the Progressive party is dead. Since the party is dead what business have thirty odd politicians to pretend that a "party" has "endorsed" a candidate? The party is dead, so dead that progressive voters are foot-loose, and no one is entitled to speak for them. They are independent voters in this campaign, and no one should deceive himself into the belief that a discredited majority of National Committeemen can deliver the voters who are Progressives. So far as actual result goes, nothing has been changed by the action of the National Committee. A majority of the voters would have gone to Hughes anyway, leaving a strong minority for Wilson. The "coterie" has merely added another unrepresentative and foolish move to the series which began with the January statement, progressed through the callous cruelty of the convention and culminates now in this graceless attempt to go back comfortably into the Republican organization.

HARDER to understand is the feeling of those sincere Progressives who are surprised and disappointed that Mr. Roosevelt should support Mr. Hughes. There never should have been any doubt about it. For more than a year Mr. Roosevelt has made anti-Wilsonism the supreme article of his political creed, and on that issue no third party was conceivable. The real Progressives have followed, followed, followed Mr. Roosevelt so blindly that they did not see where his leadership led. They too proclaimed anti-Wilsonism the supreme issue. If they meant what they have said, they have no complaint now. Mr. Hughes is a sincere and able exponent of the Roosevelt doctrine as preached this last year. The fact of the situation is that the Progressives have only just realized the logic of Mr. Roosevelt's propaganda. Faced with the result they are suddenly aware that they do not regard anti-Wilsonism as a supreme issue. They care for something greater than that. Since they feel that way they should never have allowed the issue to be drawn as Mr. Roosevelt has drawn it. They should not have written the platform they wrote at Chicago. They should have kept a Progressive creed alive, and fought for it. That alone would have prevented the stultification which is theirs. The real Progressives abandoned their faith for hero-worship and desire for immediate success. The penalty they are paying is the inevitable result.

IT is impossible to find a valid excuse for the action of the El Paso authorities in expelling Dr. David Starr Jordan, member of the unofficial mediation committee of the American Union Against Militarism. It is not yet treason to argue for mediation and peace, however obnoxious those ideas may be to the El Paso officials in their private capacity. The pretext under which the mayor and chief of police offered their advice to Dr. Jordan to depart, was that a demonstration was likely to be organized against him. But El Paso has no irresponsible lower class population, such as would make a "demonstration" formidable in Mexico City. The American population of El Paso is almost all of the respectable middle class, and could certainly be held in check by police organization that is powerful enough to ensure safety to the Americans of El Paso against a more numerous population of restless and hostile Mexicans. The expulsion of Dr. Jordan was simply a flagrant example of the intolerance that makes it questionable whether we yet have a call to impose order and civilization upon other peoples.

DOUBLE taxation is a sufficiently serious evil when it arises out of competing local jurisdictions. It is intolerable when it arises out of conflicting international practice, as in the case of income taxation by both the country of origin of income and by the country in which the income is received. Under a recent ruling of our own authorities, income destined for foreign holders of our securities is taxable at its source. The same income is taxable to its recipients by countries levying income tax, such as Great Britain and Germany. This is a condition that interferes with the free flow

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of capital over national lines and should be remedied. There has been much talk of late, here and in England, of the desirability of a change in our policy, to exempt income received by aliens residing abroad. A more appropriate remedy would be a change in the British law, and in the laws of all other income-taxing countries, exempting from tax incomes originating beyond the national domains. The United States, which protects the properties of William Waldorf Astor and permits them to yield income, has better grounds for taxing the income than England, within whose borders it is spent.

Annexation: A Suppressed Wish

MEXICO and the world have been assured, in the most authentic terms to which we as a nation can give expression, that the United States will never again seek to extend its territory through conquest. Most of us private citizens have repeated this resolution to ourselves and have found that its sense fitted with our ideals. And in review of our past career as a nation, aggression upon Spain, aggression upon Mexico, aggression often threatened upon Canada, we bow our heads meekly and confess the evil of our ways. Just so the unjust rich man fattening upon the yield of his manifold estates bows his head and confesses, "I have been a miserable sinner, O, Lord; I have robbed the widow and disinherited the orphan; I have waxed great out of the unrequited toil of my brothers." But does he offer restitution? Not he. On his heart are engraved the words, "Somehow good." He manages his estates better than the widow and orphan would have done, and his toiling brothers have escaped the pitfalls of idleness. Do we offer to Mexico restitution of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, California and the other territories we wrested from her in what we acknowledge was an unjust war? No indeed. Our thriving, smiling Southwest was divinely ordained for something better than to nourish Hidalgos and peons, Latin lawyers and mestizo revolutionists. We are not abjuring aggression for the past. Such aggression brought mainly good in its train. We are abjuring aggression for the future.

It is time to search our souls to discover whether there is not lurking in them a suppressed wish for aggrandizement, a wish that may become quite other than suppressed if we become maddened with blood. It is the fashion to treat Mr. Hearst as the solitary exemplar of atavistic land greed. With what sincerity? Question the average non-official individual; in many cases, still a minority, you will find him admitting that it will be dreadfully hard to get out of Mexico once we intervene, yet is he insistent upon intervention. He would not dismember Mexico, yet he would hold the northern states until the rest quiet down—something he would admit, if pressed, may never happen. One finds many grounds for inference that disbelief in the ability of Mexico ever to maintain order within her borders is gaining adherents. A large proportion of our population believe that, morality apart, it would somehow be advantageous to the United States to extend its boundaries southward, and men who believe this might readily be converted, in shoals, to the view that it is our duty to end Mexican anarchy through annexation. They are not yet converted, to be sure. But let us think ourselves into the situation that will follow the first campaign of a war against Mexico.

Draw a line from Tampico to Mazatlan on the west coast, and you have cut Mexico in two—or rather better. In the vast territory north of this line live, at most, four million people. It is territory as nearly empty as California and Texas were before their annexation to the United States. Most of it is desert, or thin cattle range, but it contains the oil, the silver and gold and copper, the coal, an important fraction of the timber upon which American adventurers are casting their hungriest glances. Banditry may flourish in this territory, but organized Mexican armies are provisioned and munitioned from the south with difficulty, and it may be assumed that the first campaign will expel them. Beyond the line lies the densely peopled territory, and the country of hot, fever-infested forest and jungle. We may pursue the Mexican armies into this territory, or we may wait for advances of peace. We shall wait a long time, while behind our lines surveys are making of the immense resources that must lie fallow under such rule as Mexico has been giving of late. Let us bear in mind the fact that in popular political philosophy, the sole valid title of a nation to natural riches is the title of use. Here, we shall become aware, are riches untold lying unused. What shall we do about them?

In view of such considerations, it is not surprising that Mexican patriots tremble for the integrity of their state as our soldiers assemble on the border. They do not know how we shall feel about restoring states we have conquered after we have lost thousands of men in battle, after we have been poisoned with rage over the unnameable cruelties that the uncontrolled Mexican soldiers will inevitably practise upon such of our soldiers as fall into their hands alive. Nor do we know how we shall feel, then. And if we are to keep control of our acts in spite of any change of heart, we ought to lose no time in defining our objective, in fixing limitations upon what we may exact.

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For now, while our blood is still cold, we know that dismemberment of Mexico would be an irrecoverable loss to humanity. The unutilized wealth of northern Mexico, wisely administered by a government at once just and far-sighted, could be made to yield a public revenue sufficient for the work of education and public improvements that must be undertaken if the masses of the Mexican population are ever to be raised from barbarism. North Mexico is the promise of the Mexican nation. It is the key to the future civilization of Mexico. To us it would mean nothing more than additional opportunities for private enrichment. We have already wealth enough to aliment our civilization; we can only lose through the diversion of our energies to the exploitation of new fields. Politically, too, North Mexico is the hope of the Mexican nation. Here poverty and ignorance will lose their first battles. But to us North Mexico would be nothing more than a source of political corruption. Bi-racial politics we have enough of already.

If we must declare war upon Mexico, let us at any rate accompany the declaration with a pledge of the integrity of Mexico. It was probably the Platt amendment, adopted at a time when the spirit of aggrandizement was still in abeyance, that saved Cuba from the colonial status. A similar pledge of Mexican integrity could secure adoption now. After a sanguinary campaign it may be too late.

Homeless Radicals

As a result of the June conventions party politicians are again securely seated in the saddle, and party politics along traditional lines is triumphant. The leader and ruler of the Democrats has sufficiently testified during his presidential career to the unique importance he attaches to party cohesion. In nominating their candidate for the Presidency the Republicans selected the man who had the best chances of closing the breach in their ranks—one who was not implicated in the quarrels of 1912 and under whose leadership Republicans could act, even though they could not think, as a united party. Influenced by this fact Mr. Hughes will probably sacrifice more to Republican harmony than he would have done four years ago. The old system of two national parties to which every American must belong who wishes to exercise political power has been completely reëstablished. The novel conditions and ideas which a few years ago seemed to be making for its disintegration—that is, the direct primary, expert administration, executive leadership, and direct popular government—have either lost their popularity or, as in the case of executive leadership, are being used to strengthen rather than to weaken the two-party system. Any American who wishes to participate in the determination of national policy must be ready to work either with the Democrats or the Republican party machine.

The triumph of the party politician is not, however, so complete as it looks. Never since the establishment of the two-party system has there existed such a large number of voters who either have broken their allegiance to the older parties, or who have never submitted to the bondage. A considerable proportion of these independent voters are radicals—that is, people of well defined convictions who are dissatisfied with the established political and social order and who wish to bring about more or less drastic changes in its organization and operation. Many of these radicals are already affiliated with the Socialist party, and many more will become so; but the Socialist party provides an unsatisfactory shelter for radicals whose radicalism begins at home and who have come to distrust party politics. Partisan Socialism has become a new form of orthodoxy, confirmed as usual by the requirement of absolute allegiance to a party organization. There remain a million or more radicals or progressives who have been deprived by the developments of the last few years of a cherished and hospitable political fireside. Their situation is forlorn. They cannot attach themselves except temporarily to any of the existing political parties; yet they feel the need and know the value of a permanent political association and a definite political allegiance. As long as they remain unattached and independent they will have to leave the legislative initiative to people who are not radicals and rest content themselves with criticizing, opposing or amending the proposals of opponents. Loyalty to their own convictions forces them to remain independent; although mere independence, as they very well know, is condemned to sterility.

There is a small minority of progressives in both political parties who still have faith in the two-party system. They look forward to a transfigured Democratic or Republican party, which will provide a sufficiently satisfactory home for the homeless radicals. Their expectation is too optimistic. Neither of the two parties can permit itself to become progressive by express conviction, just as neither can permit itself to become conservative by express conviction. It is the business of a national party to make the convictions of other people a means of getting and keeping control of the government. It is tied together by the desire for official power, not by ideas as to the best methods of using it. Parties will be radical or conservative in so far as radicalism or conservatism is fashionable. As the Progressives learned to their cost, no party can patent a popular issue or

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appropriate a useful political idea. Its opponents can always steal it for themselves. Mr. Wilson has gradually suppressed all his own convictions and all the traditions of his party which might lose votes; he has gradually appropriated all the ideas of his opponents which promised to win votes. The Republicans also are seeking to reunite their party, not by proclaiming convictions but by being scrupulously non-committal. The reunited party is rather ashamed of having been caught out with as many convictions of both kinds as it had in 1912, and has been chastened by the experience. It has put up to Mr. Hughes, just as the Democrats have put up to Mr. Wilson, the task of making the safest immediate compromise between conservatism and radicalism.

Every national political organization is bound to be conservative at heart. Its members are beneficiaries of an existing order. They could no more become the loyal servants of a radical political and economic program than a governmental machine could be expected to plan its own destruction. The two-party system is fundamentally an instrument contrived by a completely dominant class to insure and perpetuate its domination. Both in this country and in Great Britain two-partyism assumed power with the rise of the middle class, and it will decline with the disintegration of the middle class. By fastening the attention of the voters on a number of false issues and by exciting them into taking sides in a series of sham battles, the two-party system has prevented real issues from coming to the surface and has postponed the advent of serious and dangerous political warfare. The American politician of either party never really fights except to get himself into office or keep himself there. It is a matter of small importance to him who makes the laws or what laws are made, so be it they are administered by trusty party politicians.

The immediate outlook for radicals with convictions is not, consequently, very encouraging. Any plan of radicals to reform the Republican or Democratic party from the inside by binding themselves to the organization will not do. It would result not in the regeneration of the party machines but in the corruption of the radicals. As long as the ascendancy of the middle class permits the two-party system to flourish, progressives who are not revolutionary socialists are likely to remain without permanent political shelter. Their chance of obtaining an effective vehicle of political action depends chiefly upon the passing of middle-class ascendancy, upon the formation of minority class groups powerful enough to undermine the specious partisan nationalism of the prevailing political organization. In all probability this process has already begun. The next step in American party development is likely to be the formation of independent labor and agrarian partisan organizations who will agitate on behalf of a perfectly definite class program and try to control enough votes to hold the balance between the national political parties. Attempts to form such parties have failed in the past; but they failed because a sufficient number of the American people clung to their traditional illusions. They preferred to have class distinctions melted instead of being brought to the surface and consciously reconciled. These illusions are passing. The more intelligent labor unionists in particular are beginning to understand the demoralizing effect of the existing relationship between the unions and the party machines. In their political activity the unions are suppliants for the favor and accomplices of the injustice of an alien class political organization. The relationship gives birth to an offensive type of labor politician, whose business it is to make "deals" with the party organizations and who rarely rises above the level of a petty and unscrupulous political trader. If the laboring class is going into politics it should do so as a fighter rather than a trader. Only by the organization of powerful independent minorities can the middle-class political system be jolted out of its stubborn and torpid complacency.

Even though an agrarian and a labor party are formed there will remain many middle-class progressives, who would not wish wholly to commit themselves to any one faction in a class struggle, but who desire some useful and effective political activity. This group will have to preserve a condition of strict independence in the sense that under ordinary circumstances they cannot become influential in party counsels or run for office on party tickets. But they need not for these reasons be condemned to the kind of political sterility which afflicted the Mugwumps of the last generation. They can devote themselves to the work of promoting higher administrative standards, of emancipating administrative organs from unnecessary political handicaps, of making the infusion of administration in the American political system more virulent and more insistent upon its rights. They will, of course, be enormously hampered in this work, because they do not wear party labels. Individuals will always be liable to suppression in case, like Mr. George Rublee, they offend the bi-partisan combination. But competent administrators who believe in the necessity to a social democracy of powerful and independent administrative agencies cannot be suppressed in every case and for all time. Facts are fighting in their favor. Such agencies have already become an essential aspect of American government and are destined to become more numerous and more powerful. They are not only necessary to carry out positive social policies, as compared with the let-alone policy of

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the past, but they help to expose the ineptitude of two-partyism and counteract the dangers of a merely class political agitation. Administration will become that part of the government upon which citizens who are interested in constructive political, social and educational work, as contrasted with real or sham political agitation, will pin their hopes and concentrate their efforts. It will provide the center of loyalty for Americans who want democratic politics to be something more than a struggle for office among individuals and for power among classes.

The Negro Migration

WHEN Austria found the Serbian reply inadmissible, the American Negro, who had never heard of Count Berchtold, and did not care whether Bosnia belonged to Austria or Siam, got his "chance." It was not the sort of chance that came to the makers of munitions—a chance to make millions. It was merely a widening of a very narrow foothold on life, a slightly better opportunity to make his way in the industrial world of America.

Since the Civil War the Negro has had to choose between ordinary political and civil rights and a chance to live. In the South he has been deprived of these, and in the North he has lacked industrial opportunity. According to Alfred Holt Stone, "there is but one area of any size wherein" the Negro "race may obey the command to eat its bread in the sweat of its face side by side with the white man. That area is composed of the southern United States." In the South the Negro is industrially indispensable, because immigrant labor cannot be had. In the North, the immigrant and the native white workman, with better industrial training and greater numbers, have shut out the Negro from the more remunerative employments. Held down to menial and badly paid jobs, the northern Negroes could not rapidly increase their numbers, and could not exercise pressure by withholding their labor. Though industrially useful, they were not irreplaceable, and were, therefore, exploited and held in small esteem.

This industrial position of the northern Negro was, indeed, not unlike that of the southern poor whites before the war. So long as they were rendered superfluous by slavery, the "poor whites" decayed economically and intellectually, and not until slavery disappeared and industry came to the South did the "white trash" become ambitious, active citizens. Their rise was due to a demand for their labor, in turn the gift of an industrial evolution.

To-day the shutting down of immigration, due to the war, has created just such a demand for the Negroes. Colored men, who formerly loafed on street corners, are now regularly employed. Negro girls, who found it difficult to get good jobs at domestic service, have leaped into popularity. The market for labor has taken up all the slack. There is a demand for all, for skilled workers, unskilled, semi-unemployables, Negroes. The employment agencies cannot meet the demand. Construction camps, which formerly relied on Italian or Polish laborers, now seek to secure an alternative supply of Negroes. Formerly the big contractor in the North could pick a few "hunkies" from a long line of eager applicants for work. He could get Poles, Italians, Greeks, in any number. To-day he is willing to take black men, and finds it hard to get even them.

He can get them only from the South. There are some nine million Negroes there as against a round million in the North. The chief industrial and commercial opportunities being in the North, and our normal net immigration of from seven to eight hundred thousand persons per year being shut off, the North is forced to draw upon the Negroes of the South.

Such a draft is likely to be heavy. If in the ten years ending 1924, our net immigration is only three millions, as compared with seven millions for the decade ending 1914, there will result a gross deficit of four million people, or, if we assume a lessening of the demand for immigrant labor equal to half the diminution of the supply, a net deficit of two millions. Over nine-tenths of this loss will fall on the North. Assuming that the relative industrial demands of North and South will not change, but that as heretofore the North, with its preponderance in manufacturing, mining and commerce, will be able to pay more for its labor than does the South, a northern movement of a million or even of a million and a half of Negroes during the next ten or twelve years becomes quite possible.

In the beginning such a migration of Negroes would increase the present race friction in the North. Within certain limits a racial minority is unpopular directly in proportion to its numbers. Only as it increases to the point where political and economic power makes it formidable, does it overcome opposition. The Negro's competition for jobs and homes would probably exacerbate relations. As the Negroes increased in numbers they would not only seek menial and unskilled work but also strive to enter skilled trades where they would meet with the antagonism of white workers. Moreover, the Negroes would be forced to seek homes in what are now regarded as "white" neighborhoods, and

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a clamor would be raised at each new extension of their dwelling area. When the Negro moves into new neighborhoods, more bitter antagonism is aroused than when he forces his way into new jobs. Rents in the new neighborhood fall; the innocently intruding Negro and his family are boycotted, if not actively persecuted; and in the end the white people move away, though not until they are thoroughly infected with race prejudice. The lower the grade of the Negro, the wider this prejudice is likely to reach. And, in the beginning at least, a lowering of tone of the Negro colonies in the North is not unlikely. The present colored population of our northern cities represents a selected group, adapted to new and difficult urban conditions. To dilute this group with hundreds of thousands of crude, unskilled Negro workers from the South would increase the internal difficulties of the Negro population and would intensify racial opposition and prejudice.

The antidote to persecution, however, is power, and if the northern Negroes are more numerous and more urgently needed in our industrial life, they could protect themselves from the worst forms of discrimination. If by 1930 the Negro population of the North has become three millions—instead of the fraction over one million which it is to-day—and if these three millions live better and save more and spend more per capita than to-day, they will profit more than they will lose from their greater numbers. Their custom will be more valuable, their political power greater and, as wage-earners, they will be strong enough to strike. Once they have completely filled a new neighborhood, opposition will cease. Moreover, the industrial competition with white workmen, while severe at certain crucial points, should not be permanently dangerous, since the very conditions which bring the Negro north also make for higher wages for the white workers. What the white wage-earner desires is not an industrial exploitation of the Negro, but merely the maintenance of the white man's superiority of position.

For the nation as a whole, such a gradual dissemination of the Negroes among all the states would ultimately be of real advantage. If at the end of half a century, only 50 or 60 per cent, instead of 89 per cent of the Negroes, were congregated in the southern states, it would end the fear of race domination, and take from the South many of its peculiar characteristics, which to-day hamper development. To the Negro it would be of even more obvious benefit. The race would be far better educated, considerably richer, and with greater political power. Success for the Negroes of the North would mean better conditions for southern Negroes. For if the southern Negro, finding political and social conditions intolerable, were able to migrate to the North, he would have in his hand a weapon as effective as any he could find in the ballot box.

This weapon of the southern Negro is all the more formidable because it can be used quietly and without open threats. Against the opposition of the preponderant white population, the southern Negro has few defenses. He has no vote; he has no wealth; and as for the protection of the law, that is a sword held by the white man, with the edge towards the Negro. He cannot better his conditions by political action or armed revolt. His one defense is—to move away. If in a certain county or state conditions become very bad, the Negro, by emigration, can put so heavy a burden upon the white employer and upon the whole white population as to force them to change their policy. To-day there is a steady drift of Negroes from country districts, where they are oppressed—and above all bored—to the southern cities. If to this alternative there is added a new chance in the North, with high wages and greater liberty and more fun, the South will be hard put to it to keep its full complement of workers. It will be compelled either to make concessions or face economic stagnation.

Thus the Negro, a half century after emancipation, is to-day entering upon a new stage in his progress "up from slavery." In fifty years he has reduced his illiteracy, has slowly increased his earning capacity, and has accumulated here and there a little property. His problem to-day is to widen his economic opportunities, to find more openings and more kinds of openings in the industrial North. If he succeeds, if he adequately fills the new positions which would in the past have gone to white immigrants, he will secure in North and South a more secure economic position, without which all other progress is of little permanency or value.

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American Education and Culture

ONE can foretell the derision which will be awakened in certain quarters by a statement that the central theme of the current meeting of the National Educational Association is cultural education. What has culture to do with the quotidian tasks of millions of harassed pupils and teachers preoccupied with the routine of alphabetic combinations and figuring? What bond is there between culture and barren outlines of history and literature? So far the scene may be called pathetic rather than an occasion for satire. But one foresees the critics, the self-elected saving remnant, passing on to indignant condemnation of the voluntary surrender of our educational system to utilitarian ends, its prostitution to the demands of the passing moment and the cry for the practical. Or possibly the selection of cultural education as a theme of discourse will be welcome as a sign of belated repentance, while superior critics sorrowingly wonder whether the return to the good old paths is sought out too late.

To those who are in closer contact with the opinions which hold conscious sway in the minds of the great mass of teachers and educational leaders there is something humorous in the assumption that they are given over to worship of the vocational and industrial. The annual pilgrimage of the teachers of the country to European cathedral and art gallery is the authentic indication of the conscious estimate of the older ideal of culture. Nothing gets a hand so quickly in any gathering of teachers as precisely the sort of talk in which the critics engage. The shibboleths and the sentimentalities are held in common by critic and the workers criticized. "Culture and discipline" serve as emblems of a superiority hoped for or attained, and as catchwords to save the trouble of personal thought. Behind there appears a sense of some deficiency in our self-conscious devotion to retrospective culture. We protest too much. Our gestures betray the awkwardness of a pose maintained laboriously against odds. In contrast there is grace in the spontaneous uncouthness of barbarians whole-heartedly abandoned in their barbarism.

While the critics are all wrong about the conscious attitude and intent of those who manage our educational system, they are right about the powerful educational currents of the day. These cannot be called cultural:—not when measured by any standard drawn from the past. For these standards concern the past—what *has* been said and thought—while what is alive and compelling in our education moves toward some undiscovered future. From this contrast between our conscious ideals and our tendencies in action spring our confusion and our blind uncertainties. We think we think one thing while our deeds require us to give attention to a radically different set of considerations. This intellectual constraint is the real foe to our culture. The beginning of culture would be to cease plaintive eulogies of a past culture, eulogies which carry only a few yards before they are drowned in the noise of the day, and essay an imaginative insight into the possibilities of what is going on so assuredly although so blindly and crudely.

The disparity between actual tendency and backward-looking loyalty carries within itself the whole issue of cultural education. Measured in other terms than that of some as yet unachieved possibility of just the forces from which sequestered culture shrinks in horror, the cause of culture is doomed so far as public education is concerned. Indeed, it hardly exists anywhere outside the pages of Mr. Paul Elmer More, and his heirs and assigns. The serious question is whether we may assist the vital forces into new forms of thought and sensation. It would be cruel were it not so impotent to assess stumbling educational efforts of the day by ideas of archaic origin when the need is for an idealized interpretation of facts which will reveal mind in those concerns which the older culture thought of as purely material, and perceive human and moral issues in what seem to be the purely physical forces of industry.

The beginning of a culture stripped of egoistic illusions is the perception that we have as yet no culture: that our culture is something to achieve, to create. This perception gives the national assembly of teachers representative dignity. Our school men and women are seen as adventuring for that which is not but which may be brought to be. They are not in fact engaged in protecting a secluded culture against the fierce forays of materialistic and utilitarian America. They are, so far as they are not rehearsing phrases whose meaning is forgot, endeavoring to turn these very forces into thought and sentiment. The enterprise is of heroic dimensions. To set up as protector of a shrinking classicism requires only the accidents of a learned education, the possession of leisure and a reasonably apt memory for some phrases, and a facile pen for others. To transmute a society built on an industry which is not yet humanized into a society which wields its knowledge and its industrial power in behalf of a democratic culture requires the courage of an inspired imagination.

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I am one of those who think that the only test and justification of any form of political and economic society is its contribution to art and science —to what may roundly be called culture. That America has not yet so justified itself is too obvious for even lament. The explanation that the physical conquest of a continent had first to be completed is an inversion. To settle a continent is to put it in order, and this is a work which comes after, not before, great intelligence and great art. The accomplishment of the justification is then hugely difficult. For it means nothing less than the discovery and application of a method of subduing and settling nature in the interests of a democracy, that is to say of masses who shall form a community of directed thought and emotion in spite of being the masses. That this has not yet been effected goes without saying. It has never even been attempted before. Hence the puny irrelevancy that measures our strivings with yard sticks handed down from class cultures of the past.

That the achievement is immensely difficult means that it may fail. There is no inevitable predestined success. But the failure, if it comes, will be the theme of tragedy and not of complacent lamentation nor wilful satire. For while success is not predestined, there are forces at work which are like destiny in their independence of conscious choice or wish. Not conscious intent, either perverse or wise, is forcing the realistic, the practical, the industrial, into education. Not conscious deliberation causes college presidents who devote commencement day to singing the praises of pure culture to spend their working days in arranging for technical and professional schools. It is not conscious preference which leads school superintendents who deliver orations at teachers' meetings upon the blessings of old-fashioned discipline and culture to demand from their boards new equipment, new courses and studies of a more " practical " and appealing kind. Political and economic forces quite beyond their control are compelling these things. And they will remain beyond the control of any of us save as men honestly face the actualities and busy themselves with inquiring what education they impart and what culture may issue from *their* cultivation.

It is as elements in this heroic undertaking that current tendencies in American education can be appraised. Since we can neither beg nor borrow a culture without betraying both it and ourselves, nothing remains save to produce one. Those who are too feeble or too finicky to engage in the enterprise will continue their search for asylums and hospitals which they idealize into palaces. Others will either go their way still caught in the meshes of a mechanical industrialism, or will subdue the industrial machinery to human ends until the nation is endowed with soul.

Certain commonplaces must be reiterated till their import is acknowledged. The industrial revolution was born of the new science of nature. Any democracy which is more than an imitation of some archaic republican government must issue from the womb of our chaotic industrialism. Science makes democracy possible because it brings relief from depending upon massed human labor, because of the substitution it makes possible of inanimate forces for human muscular energy, and because of the resources for excess production and easy distribution which it effects. The old culture is doomed for us because it was built upon an alliance of political and spiritual powers, an equilibrium of governing and leisure classes, which no longer exists. Those who deplore the crudities and superficialities of thought and sensation which mark our day are rarely inhuman enough to wish the old régime back. They are merely unintelligent enough to want a result without the conditions which produced it, and in the face of conditions making the result no longer possible.

In short, our culture must be consonant with realistic science and with machine industry, instead of a refuge from them. And while there is no guaranty that an education which uses science and employs the controlled processes of industry as a regular part of its equipment will succeed, there is every assurance that an educational practice which sets science and industry in opposition to its ideal of culture will fail. Natural science has in its applications to economic production and exchange brought an industry and a society where quantity alone seems to count. It is for education to bring the light of science and the power of work to the aid of every soul that it may discover its quality. For in a spiritually democratic society every individual would realize distinction. Culture would then be for the first time in human history an individual achievement and not a class possession. An education fit for our ideal uses is a matter of actual forces not of opinions.

Our public education is the potential means for effecting the transfiguration of the mechanics of modern life into sentiment and imagination. We may, I repeat, never get beyond the mechanics. We may remain burly, merely vigorous, expending energy riotously in making money, seeking pleasure and winning temporary victories over one another. Even such an estate has a virility lacking to a culture whose method is reminiscence, and whose triumph is finding a place of refuge. But it is not enough to justify a democracy as against the best of past aristocracies even though return to them is forever impossible. To bring to the consciousness

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of the coming generation something of the potential significance of the life of to-day, to transmute it from outward fact into intelligent perception, is the first step in the creation of a culture. The teachers who are facing this fact and who are trying to use the vital unspiritualized agencies of to-day as means of effecting the perception of a human meaning yet to be realized are sharing in the act of creation. To perpetuate in the name of culture the tradition of aloofness from realistic science and compelling industry is to give them free course in their most unenlightened form. Not chiding but the sympathy and direction of understanding is what the harsh utilitarian and prosaic tendencies of present education require.

JOHN DEWEY.

A Moral Equivalent for Universal Military Service

THE current agitation for preparedness has set hosts of Americans to thinking out for the first time what a real national strength and readiness would mean. We suddenly realize that if we are to defeat that militaristic trend which we loathe we shall have to offer some kind of action more stirring and more creative. The call now upon every citizen is to be not nebulously patriotic, but clear and lucid as to America's aims, so that our national energy shall not be squandered and misused. There looms up as a crucial need that "moral equivalent for war" with which William James first roused our imaginations. It seems no longer so academic a proposal. Confronted with the crisis, we see that he analyzed the situation with consummate accuracy.

All around us we feel a very genuine craving for unity of sentiment, for service, for some new national lift and broadening which shall keep us out of the uneasy pettiness into which the American conscience has threatened to fall. In our hearts we know that to crystallize this desire into a meaningless sentiment, or into a piling-up of armaments or a proscribing of alien cultures, would not satisfy us. We want action, but we do not want military action. Even the wildest patriots know that America would have to go through the most pernicious and revolutionary changes to accept the universal military service which they advocate. We wish to advance from where we stand. We begin to suspect that military service, flag-reverence, patriotic swagger, are too much the weary old deep-dug channels into which national feeling always runs and is lost. The flooding river fills again its archaic and forsaken paths. Our present confusion expresses the dilemma we find ourselves in, when our instincts impel us into courses that our intelligence tells us we ought not to follow.

Our American danger is not so much that we become militarists as that we grope along, fretting and harrying each other into a unity which is delusive, and expressing our "Americanism" in activities that are not creative. The best will in America at the present time seems to crave some kind of national service but it veers off from military service. Until we satisfy that craving, we shall run at half-power, and suffer all the dissatisfaction and self-despising that comes from repressed energy. The question which all are asking, in the varied and disguised forms, is: How can we all together serve America by really enhancing her life?

To more and more of us the clue has come through James's conception of a productive army of youth, warring against nature and not against men, finding in drudgery and toil and danger the values that war and preparation for war had given. Ten years ago such an army seemed Utopian. We had neither the desire nor the technique. It seemed a project not to be realized without a reorganization of our life so radical as to make the army itself unnecessary. To-day, however, a host of new attitudes seem to give us the raw material out of which such a national service could be created. We hear much of universal military service as "education." The Plattsburgs are sugar-coated as "civic training camps," "schools for citizenship." Universal service no longer stands on its old ground of mere preparation for war. It is frankly trying to get itself recognized as an indispensable mode of education. The next pertinent step is evidently to ask why, if universal service is valuable because it is educational, it should not be constructed on a strict educational foundation.

James's proposal sounded Utopian because it would require an entirely new and colossal national organization to put it into action. Universal military service in this country would certainly mean such a task. But if our national service is to be educational, we already have the organization in existence. The rapidly consolidating public school systems in the states provide the machinery for such an organization. As the public schools become better places for children to spend their time in, we are growing less tolerant of the forms of schooling outside of the public system. The tendency is towards the inclusion of all children in the public school. And the progressive states are requiring schooling up to the full age of sixteen years. We are rapidly creating a public school system, effectively administered by the states, which gives us the one universally national, compulsory service which we possess or are ever likely to consent to.

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Education is the only form of "conscription" to which Americans have ever given consent. Compulsory military service would require decades of Napoleonic political evangelism to introduce. Compulsory education is universally accepted. For a national service which shall be educational you would have to convert nobody. The field is sown. No one denies the right of the state to conscript the child for education. But coupled with this assent is the insistence that the education shall be the freest, fullest and most stimulating that we know how to give. The current educational interest arises largely from the indignant demand that a state which takes all the children must meet the needs of every child. The very recent enthusiasm for "vocational education" means that we want a schooling that shall issue in capacity for fruitful occupation. A national educational service could give training for work at the same time that it gave opportunity for service.

It is only a national service of this kind that would really be universal. Military service is a sham universality. It omits the feminine half of the nation's youth. And of the masculine half it uses only the physically best. France is the only country where the actual levy on men for military service has approximated the number liable. But worst of all, military service irons out all differences of talent and ability. It does not even tap the resources it enlists. It makes out of an infinitely varied group a mere machine of uniform, obeying units. The personal qualities, the individual powers of the youth it trains, are of no relevance whatever. Men are valuable exactly to the degree that they crush out these differences.

A national service for education would not be a sham. It would actually enlist the coöperation of every youth and girl. It would aim at stimulation, not obedience. It would call out capacity and not submerge it. It would organize varied tasks adapted to the capacities and strengths of its young citizenry. It would be universal, but it would be compulsory only in the sense that it called every one to the service. The tasks would not be enforced drudgery, but work that enlisted the will and toned up the aspirations.

Such a national service would be the logical outgrowth of our public school system. Suppose the state said: All children shall remain in school till the age of sixteen years. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one they shall spend two years in national service. This service shall be organized and administered by the state educational administrations, but supervised and subsidized by the national government. The service would be performed as national service, but its work would be constructive and communal in its purposes and not military. Special military training could be given as a branch of this service to those who were best fitted for it. But defense would be but an incident in our constructive life, and not the sinew of our effort.

The tasks for such a national service would evidently be different from those contemplated by James. He thought of turning his army of youth into the drudgery of the world, where they might win in heroic toil and self-sacrifice the moral rewards which war had formerly given. But if our service is to be universal, it cannot be mere unskilled labor in mines and farms and forests. A large proportion of our youth would be disqualified. Furthermore, a service which made such frontal attack on industry would be bitterly resisted by those with whom its work competed. We are not prepared for a service which clashes too suddenly and harshly with the industrial system. What we need is a service which shall not so much do the old work of the world as create new demands and satisfy them. This national service could do the things which need to be done, but which are not now being done. It could have for its aim the improvement of the quality of our living. Our appalling slovenliness, the ignorance of great masses in city and country as to the elementary technique of daily life—this should be the enemy of the army of youth. I have a picture of a host of eager young missionaries swarming over the land, spreading the health knowledge, the knowledge of domestic science, of gardening, of tastefulness, that they have learned in school.

Such a service would provide apprentices for communal services in town and country, as many schools and colleges are already actually providing. Food inspection, factory inspection, organized relief, the care of dependents, playground service, nursing in hospitals—all this would be a field for such an educational service. On a larger scale, tree-planting, the care and repair of roads, work on conservation projects, the care of model farms, would be tasks for this army. As I was burning caterpillars' nests the other day in New Jersey and saw the trees sinister with grey webs, I thought of the destroying army of youth that should be invading the land clearing it of all insect pests. We might even come to the forcible rebuilding of the slovenly fences and outhouses which strew our landscape, and to an imposition of cleanness upon our American countryside. With an army of youth we could perform all those services of neatness and mercy and intelligence which our communities now know how to perform and mean to perform, but have not the weapons to wield.

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The army could be organized in flying squadrons, so that its youth could travel widely and see and serve all kinds of men and communities. For its direction we would need that new type of teacher-engineer-community worker that our best school systems are already producing. Scientific schools, schools of philanthropy, are turning out men and women who could step into their places as non-commissioned officers for such an army. The service could be entirely flexible. Boys and girls could learn the rudiments of their trade or profession in actual service with the army. Book studies could be carried on, and college learning could come to its own as the intellectual fertilizer of a wholesome and stimulating life. Athletics and sports would be an integral part of the two years' service. There would be long periods of camping in the national parks or upon ocean beaches. The Boy Scouts and Camp-Fire Girls already give the clue to such an enterprise.

If objection is made that this national educational service would fail to bring out the sterner qualities of heroism and self-sacrifice, and would not be a genuine moral equivalent for war, the answer is that the best kind of a moral equivalent is a moral sublimation. We want to turn the energies of youth away from their squandering in mere defense or mere drudgery. Our need is to learn how to live rather than die; to be teachers and creators, not engines of destruction; to be inventors and pioneers, not mere defenders. Our cities and isolated farms alike are mute witnesses that Americans have never learned how to live. Suppose we had a national service which was making a determined assault for the enhancement of living. Would its standards and discipline be less rigorous? Rather would the ingenuity and imagination have to be of the finest.

Some such conception of national service is the only one which will give us that thrill of unity and vigor which we seek. An educational service built on the public school system puts the opportunity in our hands. The raw material in attitudes and desires is here. Every task that an army of youth might perform is already being done in some school or college or communal service. All we need to do is to coördinate and make universal what is now haphazard and isolated. An army of youth which focused school work would provide just that purpose that educators seek. The advocates of "preparedness" are willing to spend billions on a universal military service which is neither universal nor educational nor productive. Cannot we begin to organize a true national service which will let all serve creatively towards the toning up of American life?

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

The Teacher and the Gary Plan

WHAT does the "Gary Plan" mean to the class-room teacher? How does it affect the teaching profession to make the individual child the real burden of concern rather than the perfect working of "the system?" How does it affect the teacher's day to make 40 per cent greater use of school building and equipment? Does intensive use of school furniture and floor space "take it out" of the teacher who does the class-room work? Or has the Gary plan advantages for teachers comparable to those it gives the children? Sixteen thousand teachers in New York City and five hundred thousand teachers in the United States want to know how this new form of organization is affecting their profession.

My experience of two years' teaching in the Gary schools has convinced me that Mr. Wirt's plan of school reorganization promises a new future for the teaching profession in terms of both professional recognition and financial compensation.

An objector to the Gary plan said it was bound to fail because it demanded teachers with initiative. To my mind this is one of the strongest arguments in its favor. It is true enough that the Gary system will not succeed with teachers who are merely cogs in the educational machine, between a half-dozen supervisors on one side and too large classes on the other. But the Gary system makes it possible for the teacher to know her subject, her children, and the community in which she works; and her work at once is bound to grow less mechanical and more professional. If her initiative has been ground out under the traditional system, the Gary reorganization will give it opportunity to return.

The Gary teacher can make a study of the subject which she teaches in the same spirit as that of a college instructor who specializes upon his chosen branch of learning. She teaches one subject or one group of subjects only, in place of half a dozen, and is unhampered by the multiple requirements of special supervisors. Such opportunity to do original thinking and creative teaching is worth more for a teacher's mental growth, I thoroughly believe, than any outside "course" she can take at a college or university.

The Gary teacher knows her children because she has the advantage of smaller classes. The average daily attendance in elementary classes in Gary is only 30, in New York it is 37, in Chicago, 41. She teaches the same children through several grades and can watch them grow in her own subject from year to year, a process which offers after all the chief reward of the profession. But more than this, the

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teacher learns to know her childen because the spirit of the schools is one of freedom. The children are not repressed, nor are all doing the same thing. They are alert through living vigorously in work shops, laboratories, gardens, studios, playgrounds, as well as class-rooms. Teachers can not help respecting the varied excellence in children which finds expression in a school of such diverse opportunity. They not only can but *must* look upon their children as vivid individuals.

The Gary teacher further is in touch with the community outside the school, with the homes and parents of the children, with the problems of the neighborhood. Each teacher is in charge of a certain district—one block, two blocks, or a single tenement house—with all its families. She is the connecting agent between those parents and the school, and school time is taken for her work with the children of her district, because Mr. Wirt believes that nothing is of greater educational value to children than to learn about the community in which they live. The children become still more colorful to the teacher as she comes to know them with their background of family circumstances and nationality. Each teacher seeks to adapt her subject to the children of the neighborhood she has learned to know. One is studying the history of Serbia because she wants her children to understand Americanism by knowing their own background first. Another is helping her class present a play in the auditorium on " Clean-Up Week." A third has her children write business letters in the class-room as an actual service to their parents who speak and write no English—surely a more interesting bit of teaching than the assignment of any lesson from a text book. When teachers can thus use their initiative in developing creatively both subject matter and methods best to reach the individual children in their charge, their work becomes a profession worthy of the highest ability.

But the Gary plan not only gives greater professional opportunities to the teacher, it also enables the city to give greater financial compensation. In Bulletin, 1915, No. 31 of the United States Bureau of Education, we find that Gary had an average salary for elementary school teachers in the year 1912-13, of $786, well ahead of any other industrial town of comparable size in the Middle West, and higher than any other city in Indiana. But in Gary the old distinction between elementary and high school has been largely broken down, and more than a third of the teaching staff are on the high-school salary schedule, not included in this government report, although they give two-thirds of their time to elementary school pupils. The average salary of persons actually in charge of elementary classes in Gary for five days a week ten months a year is not $786 but $895. Furthermore, an additional expenditure of 20 per cent of total salaries is paid to the regular teachers for extra Saturday, evening and summer work. Of course this added work is not compulsory. Still the conditions of work are such in Gary with the smaller classes and the absence of home work that the majority of teachers are both able and eager to do the extra service. Instead of staying after school hours Gary teachers prefer to give individual help to retarded children, and to hold rehearsals for special plays and programs, on Saturday morning when neither they nor the children are exhausted, and when they are paid for the extra work. These opportunities for extra service, much greater than in the traditional system, make $1,074 the average annual income of Gary elementary school teachers. Only New York, and three or four cities on the Pacific Coast, give their elementary teachers a higher average income than does Gary.

How can Gary, a struggling new industrial town of 40,000 people, afford salaries comparing favorably with those of the oldest, largest and richest cities in the United States? There is nothing magic about the resources of this sandy city. In fact, these salaries are paid under the tremendous financial handicap of rapid growth. Property is assessed in March; taxes are levied the following October, collected the following June and December, an average of eighteen months after the first assessment. But in that eighteen months Gary has doubled in size, and the school has to care for the children of a city twice as large as the city which was taxed. The only administrative principles which make Gary salaries possible are coöperation and the elimination of waste energy.

In the first place, teachers for music, drawing, science, library, auditorium, shop, play and physical training, have complete charge of their classes, while other teachers are in charge of other classes in reading, arithmetic and writing. Thus the extra salaries of special teachers and special supervisors are saved. In the second place, such definite coöperation with outside agencies is secured that whenever public library, public playground, church or private teachers provide activities for an average of one class of children each hour of each school day, the salary of another teacher may be saved. In the third place, the customary appropriation for maintenance of school plant and equipment is used to support school shops which do the work of maintenance, thus largely saving the cost of supplies for industrial training and the salaries of further teachers. By the application of these principles enough money can be saved from the customary teachers' fund so that 30 per cent more can be paid to every teacher employed.

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But more important than these administrative economies is the fact that taxpayers are willing to pay more than usual for their schools, when they know their children have something more in return than sitting in school seats the whole day long, something more than working with a single group of children in lockstep all year long, children repressed in their potential educational development by the limited range of one teacher's abilities. When both the adults and the children of a neighborhood have constant use of work shops, playgrounds, gymnasiums, swimming pools, auditoriums and classrooms, then organizations of teachers and school officers can go before the taxpayers with a promising campaign for salary increase. A city will pay generously for the education of its children when it can get full measure in educational values.

Those teachers who look upon their work not merely as a stepping stone to matrimony or the law, but as a life work which should give an opportunity for continuous personal growth as well as sufficient financial return for family support, will understand the advantages made possible by the Gary plan. For if Gary can pay its present salaries under its present difficulties, it must be possible to increase tremendously the compensation of teachers in more normal cities by the application of Gary principles.

ELSA UELAND.

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The Meaning of the Wirt Plan

IN the heat of popular discussion and controversy over any new idea, there is always danger that the really new feature of the idea, the thing which gives it the dynamic power to create the controversy, will be lost from sight in futile discussion of unessential details. The discussion of the Wirt plan of education is no exception. "The duplicate school plan," "work-study-and-play schools," "a longer school day," "departmental teaching," "vocational work," "auditoriums," "multiple use of facilities"—all these terms, representing principles and methods, fundamental features and incidents, means and ends, are cited as indispensable essentials of the plan. As a matter of fact, all may be found in the Wirt schools, but any one alone, or all together, fail to give an idea of the essentially new method of the plan. The possible exception is the last, "the multiple use of facilities"; but the fact that this is usually referred to perfunctorily as an "excellent" or "deplorable" economic device, according as the speaker likes or dislikes the plan, shows that a too facile use of that phrase has stripped it of its meaning.

To make the city a fit place for the rearing of children; to do this by converting the public school into a public-service institution which uses all facilities all the time for all the people—these are the two essential principles of the Wirt plan. They lift it out of the field of merely pedagogic interest and make it of deep social and national significance.

The modern city with all its advantages for adults is largely the result of this multiple use of all facilities for the common good. In fact, the history of democracy is the history of the gradual application of the principle to our various community institutions. To quote Mr. Wirt: "The reason why the public, that is ourselves collectively, can provide things for each of us individually which we cannot provide for ourselves privately is that collectively we secure a multiple use of the facilities. The people collectively provided for Louis XIV the magnificent palace and park at Versailles. Without the multiple use of this property provided by the people collectively, it was reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of one of their number. But the people all wished to share in this collective possession, and, through the French Revolution, took possession of such private estates for the common use. Public lighting systems, water works, public parks, public libraries, are all an outgrowth of community effort for the common good. This change in the attitude of mind of the masses is the thing that has made possible modern social progress. We have constantly before us an enlargement of this principle of multiple service of public facilities."

We can have public parks if we will let other people use our walks when we do not want to use them ourselves. We can have public libraries if we will let other people use our books and chairs when we do not want to use them. We can have public museums if we let other people look at our pictures when we do not want to look at them. And the more people there are, the better parks and libraries and museums we can have.

The public school, on the other hand, has been slower than any other public-service institution to adopt this primary principle of democratic management. Collectively the people provide money for the school, but each individual child must have the private exclusive use of a school seat which he must occupy for the greater part of the school day.

The result of such a system is that we have more

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school seats than we know what to do with. There are more school seats at the present time in New York City than there are children, but not all the seats are where the children are. The reason is that the children move, and the seats do not. In the second place, such a system means that a few favored children go to school in fine buildings, while many have to study in over-crowded, poorly ventilated, insanitary buildings, and the most unfortunate are even forced to recite in cellars. Thus the public school, which should give equal opportunity to all children, makes the most undemocratic discriminations. Of course it is not done with intention. But the fact remains that an institution which tries to give all individuals the private use of those facilities collectively provided by all of us cannot be democratic. In fact, it is neither monarchic nor democratic. It is an unworkable proposition. It is strange it has existed so long. Probably the reason is that the people for whom the school is run, that is, the children, have no voice as to how it shall be run. The only way that they can express their opinion of it is to leave as soon as the law allows. This they do annually in sufficiently convincing numbers.

But fortunately the rapid growth of cities has forced the issue upon adult attention. The modern city, sweeping up around the school house and past it, shooting tenement buildings up on vacant lots which served as playgrounds for children, and erecting huge factories in place of the small shops where children used to receive most of their training in manual work, has wiped out of children's lives the wholesome work and play which has always constituted two-thirds of their education. To repair this evil we have spent millions of dollars on playgrounds, shops, and so on, for children. New York City alone has spent about $15,000,000 on playgrounds, about $10,000,000 on auditoriums, and over $5,000,000 on shops. But unfortunately we did not make it possible for children to use them. For example, a recent newspaper story relates that three small boys were arrested for playing ball on the street in New York. They were charged with disorderly conduct. The illuminating fact about the case is that if these children had played ball anywhere before 3 P. M. they would have been guilty of "playing hookey" from school; but when children leave school at 3 P. M. the playgrounds are so crowded that many have to play on the street, and then they are guilty of disorderly conduct—unless they go to swell the ranks of the three hundred children who are killed yearly on the streets of New York. Yet from early morning until 3 P. M. the playgrounds themselves are innocent of the noise and activity of children. And the quiet of the libraries and museums is likewise undisturbed by their eager curiosity. Yet we all know that ball-playing is a good thing for boys and girls. And we all know that libraries and museums are educative influences.

It is sometimes said that the Wirt plan remedies this situation by supplying "work-study-and-play schools" for children. But that is not the whole story. Other communities and schools than those of Gary have believed in work and play as well as study for children, and have even provided shops and playgrounds. New York City evidently believes in these activities, otherwise one would be hard put to it to explain why it spent $15,000,000 on playgrounds, and $5,000,000 on shops. Nor is the new feature of the plan merely the fact that it actually gives children an adequate opportunity to use all these activities every day of every week of every school year. Noteworthy as that is, yet it is conceivable that a work-study-and-play school might be made as rigid and formalistic as any other type of school.

The essentially new feature of the Wirt plan is rather the method by which it makes these opportunities available for children. By running all the facilities, class-rooms, shops, etc., every hour of the day for all the children, it converts the school into a truly public-service institution. The practical method by which it is done is by this time common knowledge. It is well understood that one-half the school comes in the morning and goes to the class-rooms, where the children stay for one or two periods, taking the usual academic subjects. In the meantime the other half of the school goes to the playgrounds, shops and laboratories for these two periods. At the end of that time the children in the class-rooms move into the playgrounds and shops, and the children in the shops and playgrounds move into the class-rooms; and so the alternate use of these facilities is carried on throughout the day. The economic feature of this plan has received considerable attention, but its social and educational implications are not so fully appreciated.

Such a plan makes it possible for every community to have the kind of school which is adapted to its needs. The plan does not specify what kind of play and how much of it, or what kind of work and how much of it the children shall have. Those are questions for each city to decide for itself. With the continuous use of class-rooms, shops, and laboratories, it is possible to meet the needs of individual children. The fear is often expressed that under the Wirt plan academic studies will be neglected. If they are it will be the fault of the community, not of the plan. The community can have as much or as little academic work as it desires. Children under the Wirt plan take the same amount as they do under the present system, but there is no reason why

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they should not have more of it if their parents so desire. The three R's are running all day long just as are the other activities. It is a simple matter to transfer a child from play to another arithmetic period; or to give a boy with a particular gift in drawing extra time for it; or to let a child who is weak physically substitute play for other activities until he is strong enough for the full course.

Furthermore, no school need be the replica of any other school. A principal with a school of Italian children can in addition to the regular work, give exceptional opportunities for work in plastic arts, gardening and drawing. Another may specialize in commercial work. And it is for the resourceful principal to mobilize all the child-welfare agencies in the community for the benefit of his children. Such achievements are already accomplished facts not only in Gary but in certain schools in New York City.

In other words, the moment we permit such multiple use of facilities, we have a growing public school whose development is limited only by the intelligence of the community, and the vision, constructive imagination and ability of principals and school authorities. The most interesting proof of this is the statement of principals, who, starting the plan in a sceptical spirit, say after a short trial, "Whatever else can be said for the plan, it is true that under this program parents can have any kind of a school they want for their children." When they have grasped that point, they have granted the essential of the Wirt plan.

One objection often made to its possible success is that many school authorities have been accustomed to a rigid system for so long that, if the flexible development of the school depends upon them, we shall not get a very different type of school from what we now have.

There are two answers to that. In the first place, the larger number of school principals and teachers for years have been eager for a more flexible school, ambitious for more progressive education, and only waiting for an opportunity to try out their ideas. The Wirt plan gives them that opportunity. And secondly, the plan is based upon sound psychology. We human beings do things because we find ourselves in situations where it becomes natural to act in certain ways. We do not act in any given way because of mere advice or exhortation. The Wirt plan does not depend for its success upon exhortation. It does not try to inspire those who have been brought up under inflexible systems with the idea of the beauty of freedom and flexibility. It simply creates a situation where freedom and flexibility become necessary and natural.

It is impossible not to be rigid and inflexible when your hands and feet are tied. But it is equally impossible to remain rigid and inflexible when you are freed and when there is constant movement all about you. When the school opens its class-room doors at the end of every hour and a half and lets children out for play or work, when children get arithmetic not only in the class-room but in a practical carpenter shop, when they move about the halls in overalls bent on legitimate school work, when the whole school atmosphere is one of busy, wholesome activity, the school system has met an irresistible force more potent for change and freedom than any exhortation or argument. The daily flexible routine of the school becomes the dynamic power for the continued transformation of the school itself.

ALICE BARROWS FERNANDEZ.

The Russian Offensive

ONE outstanding conclusion to be drawn from the present Russian offensive is that when the Germans leave the Austrians and the Russians alone together the Russians beat the Austrians. That was true in 1914, and it is still true today.

Almost every successful campaign in this war has turned out to have had no great strategic results, in spite of territory occupied, prisoners taken and battles won. Only Serbia and Belgium have been beaten, and it would be unwise to expect too much from this last Russian blow. Lutsk and Dubno have been taken, Czernowitz has (as usual) surrendered, and people even talk of a reoccupation of Lemberg. But all this matters very little so long as the resistance of the Austrian armies remains unbroken. Just as Joffre held his own after Charleroi, just as the Grand Duke Nicholas held his own after the Dunajec, so probably will Konrad von Hoetzendorff successfully reorganize and resist. Deadlock and a war of attrition must still continue until human and material resources are exhausted. Even in view of Russian successes continued as far as the Carpathian Mountains, that still remains true. The Austrians can still make a stand, as they did before, in the passes and fastnesses of their natural barrier fortress. No immediate effect need be expected except the discontinuation of the campaign in the Tyrol.

But nevertheless let us imagine what they are saying about all this in Berlin. In 1914, when Ruzsky took Lemberg, invested Przemysl, and threatened Cracow, the Germans used to say—not in their newspapers, but aloud in trolley cars and other public places and conveyances—that the Austrians were "less of a help than a hindrance." This remark came to be reiterated as a proverb is

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reiterated, until the authorities took official notice and ordered that it should be stopped. Meanwhile Austrian staff officers invaded Berlin and asked the Great General Staff "how they did it." German staff officers were sent to Galicia, but staff officers alone could not answer the problem, for although information was needed, a general stiffening was needed more. Austrian officers, like the British officers of twenty years ago, refused to accept their duties as a professional occupation. I well remember a German carpenter in Vienna, who enlisted in the Austrian army at the beginning of the war, describing the conduct of the Austrian officer who had been his leader. The German had been wounded and lamed, and was none too philosophic. He took a shingle to represent the leather map-carrier for use by line officers, held it up, looked at it, and then slowly, with a blank expression, turned it upside down. "Austrians," he said, "don't know when a map is right side up." That was the sort of thing which the German army was called on to remedy.

They answered the question in 1915, but they answered it by sending their own troops. It was Mackensen, a German general commanding German troops, who burst through across the Dunajec. German infantry fought side by side with Austrian infantry in the armies of Linsingen, Baltin, Bochin-Ermolli, and Pflanzer. Thus were the Russians driven away from the Carpathian passes, out of Przsemysl, out of Lemberg, even out of Lutsk and Dubno. Austria was delivered out of the hands of her enemy.

But then, after the Serbian campaign, the Germans needed their troops in order to anticipate the expected Anglo-French offensive. So they said to the Austrians, "We've told you how to do it now, we've even showed you how to do it by sending our own men, and now you certainly ought to be able to look after yourselves. All you've got to do is to entrench, and hold on to what you've got. The Serbians are licked, the Russians are licked, and anybody can lick the Italians. Now we want to forget about you and your troubles. If Hindenburg can hold the Russians with 50 divisions, you ought to be able to do so with 75."

It is an extremely difficult thing to get at the Austrian point of view. They are so variegated a people that they seem at times to have no point of view. But it is certainly true that the upper classes, the classes from which officers in all nations are drawn, are on the whole indolent by nature and by training. The war has not changed them. The headquarters staff of the Archduke at Innsbruck is still the popular billet among the aristocracy of Vienna and Budapest. Among the Austrian troops can be found as fine fighting ability as anywhere in Europe—as for instance the Hungarians, the Slavs and Croats, and the "Blumenteuffel" of the Tyrol—but they lacked and still lack proper subordinate leadership. When the Germans went away, they apparently breathed rather a sigh of relief, and replied hopefully that now they understood how to do it. All went well for a time, but here they find themselves beaten exactly as they were beaten in 1914. Just as in 1914 the Serbian campaign was checked by Russian advances, so now the Italian campaign is checked. Vienna, always mildly hopeful, always jealous of German influences, averse to German discipline, remains the same. The Russians are after all made of sterner stuff than that.

And now imagine the feelings of the Germans in 1916. The work of two years thrown away; neutral opinion, particularly Rumanian opinion, Greek opinion, Bulgarian opinion, which had been so assiduously cultivated, turned back to Slav influence by Austrian inefficiency; Hindenburg's carefully planned defensive compromised; the plans for the west front affected; the Italians given a breathing spell; every enemy encouraged—among belligerents and neutrals as well.

I doubt if the German Great General Staff—I do not speak of the people, for the German people can still be fooled—ever saw a darker day than the day when the news of the successful Russian offensive first came in. I believe German soldiers themselves had become certain that the Russians, so far as offensive was concerned, were done for. They must have cursed the Austrians as they never cursed an enemy.

For the Russians have proved that they can still hold the Germans, and beat the Austrians and the Turks. Therefore it is plain to the whole world that the west front must be gradually depleted of German troops, or the Russians will sooner or later beat back the Austrian troops as they did before, helped this time by Italian pressure as well. But if the Germans deplete the west front, they must take the defensive against their most powerful enemies, a policy whose unsoundness is understood better by German soldiers than by any other soldiers in the world. Meanwhile the British blockade tightens, the food question persists. The German Staff—the Great General Staff—must never have felt so much like rats in a great trap as they feel to-day.

What the answer will be has probably not yet been decided, but it is probable (at least in my own opinion) that that military party which has always favored an offensive by Hindenburg, combined with a defensive by Falkenhayn, will now have its way.

GERALD MORGAN.

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Leaders of the Irish Rebellion

THE Insurrection, like all its historical forerunners, has been quelled in blood. It sounds rhetorical to say so, but it was not quelled in pea-soup or tea. While it lasted the fighting was very determined and it is easily, I think, the most considerable of Irish rebellions.

The country was not with it, for be it remembered that a whole army of Irishmen are fighting with England instead of against her; in Dublin alone there is scarcely a poor home in which a father, a brother, or a son is not serving in one of the many fronts which England is defending. Had the country risen and fought as stubbornly as the Volunteers did, no troops could have beaten them; Well, that is a wild statement—the heavy guns could always beat them—but from whatever angle Irish people consider this affair it must appear to them tragic and lamentable beyond expression.

It was hard enough that our men in the English armies should be slain for causes which no amount of explanation will ever render less foreign to us, or even intelligible; but that our men who were left should be killed in Ireland, fighting against the same England that their brothers are fighting for, ties the question into such knots of contradiction as we may give up trying to unravel. We can only say, this has happened, and let it unhappen itself as best it may.

We say that the time always finds the man, and by it we mean that when a responsibility is toward there will be found some shoulder to bend for the yoke which all others shrink from. It is not always or often the great ones of the earth who undertake these burdens—it is usually the good folk, that gentle hierarchy who swear allegiance to mournfulness and the under dog, as others dedicate themselves to mutton chops and the easy nymph. It is not my intention to idealize any of the men who were concerned in this rebellion. Their country will, some few years hence, do that as adequately as she has done it for those who went before them.

Those of the leaders whom I knew were not great men, or brilliant—that is they were more scholars than thinkers, and more thinkers than men of action, and I believe that in no capacity could they have attained to what is called eminence, nor do I consider they coveted any such public distinction as is noted in that word. But, in my definition, they were good men—men, that is, who willed no evil, and whose movements of body or brain were unselfish and healthy. No person living is the worse off for having known Thomas MacDonagh, and I, at least, have never heard MacDonagh speak unkindly or even harshly of anything that lived. It has been said of him that his lyrics were epical; in a measure it is true, and it is true, in the same measure, that his death was epical. He was the first of the leaders who were tried and shot. It was not easy for him to die leaving behind two young children and a young wife, and the thought that his last moment must have been tormented by their memory is very painful. We are all fatalists when we strike against power, and I hope he put care from him as the soldiers marched him out.

The O'Rahilly also I knew, but not intimately, and I could only speak of a good humor, a courtesy, and an energy that never failed. He was a man of unceasing ideas and unceasing speech, and laughter accompanied every sound made by his lips. It is said that as he lay in Moore Lane, broken and nigh dead, his last words were, "Water. Tell them how The O'Rahilly died." Alas O'Rahilly! And alas for the proud futilities that come to dying lips and are addressed somewhere, anywhere, nowhere. Is it to the spirit of the Earth you speak, O ruined man, or is it truly to your miserable country whom the hungry generations have trodden down? Poor soul! Poor man! You have nothing more to give her, your debt is quit, and you are rid of all that you had.

Plunkett and Pearse I knew also, but not intimately. Young Plunkett, as he was always called, would not strike one as a militant person. He, like Pearse and MacDonagh, wrote verse, and it was no better or worse than theirs. He had an appetite for knowledge that could not easily be digested. He studied Egyptian and Sanscrit and distant, curious matters of that sort, and was interested in inventions and the theatre. He was tried and sentenced and shot.

As to Pearse I do not know how to place him, nor what to say of him. If there was an idealist among the men concerned in this Insurrection it was he, and if there was any person in the world less fitted to head an Insurrection it was he also. I never could "touch" him or sense in him the qualities which the men spoke of, and which made him military commandant of the rising. Some of the men were magnetic in the sense that Mr. Larkin is magnetic, and I would have said that Pearse was less magnetic than any of the others. Yet it was to him and around him they clung. Men must find some center either of power or emotion or intellect about which they may group themselves, and I think that Pearse became the leader because his temperament was more profoundly emotional than any of the others. He was emotional not in a flighty, but in a serious way, and one felt not that he enjoyed but that he suffered.

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He had a power. Men who came into intimate contact with him began to act differently to their own desires and interests. His schoolmasters did not always receive their salaries with regularity. The reason that he did not pay them was the simple one that he had no money. Given by another man this explanation would be uneconomic, but from him it was so logical that even a child could comprehend it. These masters did not always or often leave him—they remained, marvelling perhaps, and accepting, even with stupefaction, the theory that children must be taught but that no such urgency is due towards the payment of wages. One of his boys said there was no fun in telling lies to Mr. Pearse for, however outrageous the lie, he always believed it. He built and renovated and improved his school because the results were good for his scholars, and somehow he found builders to undertake these forlorn hopes.

It was not, I think, that he "put his trust in God" but that when something had to be done he did it, and entirely disregarded logic or economics or force. He said: "Such a thing has to be done, and so far as one man can do it I will do it," and he bent straightway to the task.

It is mournful to think of men like these having to take charge of bloody and desolate work, and one can imagine them saying, "Oh cursed spite," as they accepted the responsibility.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The Voice of the Pullman

ON the Pullman cars men must talk. For a little while one can read the paper, but soon one is carried far from the source of papers that can be read. You are addicted to the *Times* or *Evening Post*—with what an empty maw you are left after pecking at the Fostoria *Gazette* or the Truckee *World* or the Sapulpa *Winged Word*. Magazines tire your eyes, books make your arm ache. Cards are excellent; but only if you can play for money, and that's against the rules. Besides, the most innocent physiognomy may mask the most dreadful shark, and what do you know of your partner's history? You may scan the landscape, with prolonged satisfaction, especially on those western trains with comfortable seats on the rear platform. But there is too much of the U. S. A. Green valleys with glistening water, willow-lined—five or ten or twenty of them are delightful. Your generous country unrolls for your view a thousand. There is nothing so good to look upon as a mountain, tree-clad or naked stone, snow crested, cloud capped, precipitously steep or soft sloped, with spreading spurs like out-thrown arms, inviting you to the pale green meadow high up on its breast. But nature gave us too many mountains. She seems to have supposed that we would all be like the newly enriched prospector who thrust the cabalistic menu from him and cried, "Gimme a thousand dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

Mountain after mountain, while the car trucks beat out mercilessly the rhythm of Grieg's Gangar. Talk, or you'll die of ennui. Some indeed there are who neither talk nor die, but I am speaking now of human travellers. Loquacious they must be and are. One gets on the train, reads his paper and joins in the talk; another gets off, and the color of the talk changes little. Your Pullman is like a spindle working ceaselessly, one thread spinning in, another spinning out. If you could wind up the yarn and carry it away with you, should you not have something fairly representative of middle-class America? From every section of the country, from every city, from every business interest these talkers come. Did you ever see a conventional native son of Reno? You will find one on the Pullman, when you try to be witty over Reno's chief enterprise. Did you ever see a drummer for bloodsuckers—not human ones, but the little shrinking, elastic creatures won from the swamps by the bare legs of Sardinia's sons? One can be found on the Pullman, if you go far enough. The voice of the Pullman is the voice of America. Send your ears travelling ten thousand miles and find out what you can hear.

First and most general you hear the sound of a great boasting. The men to whom you are listening have made the finest tools and fabrics, have grown the most wonderful wheat or oranges or cotton in the world. They are the most miraculous and unscrupulous salesmen and gamblers. "I owned ten lots on Main Street and got out just in time. They ain't worth the tax titles now." "I beat 'em down into that country and sold every establishment there. The other fellows couldn't sell their expense accounts, and got the sack when they sang their song to the boss." "I got him drunk as a bat and sold him a thousand blank quarterly reports for his office." "He's a shark at poker, but I cleaned him out of four hundred bones, and Lord, he was the sickest thing! Company money, most of it; I don't know how he squared his accounts."

Next in importance is a great paean to Dame Fortune. If America believes that rewards in this life go to merit, it has not succeeded in making this belief penetrate to the Pullman. A man enriched by his foresight, energy, creativeness, you never hear of. Instead you hear of that old loafer up near Boulder who for years had tried vainly to sell or mortgage his stony homestead. The stones covered tungsten, and now he is rolling in wealth, and Colo-

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rado is dry and dull. Or you hear of that quarter-blood whose allotment gushed oil while he sat out his time in Leavenworth penitentiary for the crime of boot-legging. The wells gushed oil and royalties until they washed away his sins and set him free, to establish a palace and a harem on the soil where he had lived miserably on unlawful gains. In Nevada you hear of sad thieves made glorious by gold, in California and Texas by rising land values. Luck, luck, each section the Pullman traverses has its amazing instances, while Merit sits on the dusty leather cushion beside you, speculating on the possibility of sweating an honest penny out of his expense account.

"It's mainly luck, under this system," generalizes the fat man who has taken little part in the conversation.

"You are a Socialist?"

"Well, no, not exactly that. But I say, they're more than half right. When a man has enough, somebody ought to step in and tell him to let the other fellow have a chance. That's socialism, you say. Well, it's more than half right, I say."

"Look at that bunch of grafters up at the State House," objects the lean man with turkey-red tie. "If they had the say, it's a fine chance they'd hand out to you and me."

"Well, I know my ideas are kind of idealistic," says the fat man apologetically. "But that's the way I am. Always for the idealistic. And that's why I say the Socialists are more than half right."

Well, let us talk politics. Much politics is talked on the Pullman, and the method and content of the talk argues a great homogeneity of American thought, from New York to San Francisco, from Texas to Dakota. On the Pullman men don't argue. One man says his say, for himself and for his home state. Then there is silence, and another man says his say. It is a simple thing. As a rule it begins, "I've voted the Democratic ticket all my life, but I can't stand for Wilson's foreign policy. They say Roosevelt ain't safe, but I'm for him. And that's the way with nine men out of ten in my state." But now and then appears a man with a swaggering air, the kind of man who rejoices most in a hopeless position to defend. "I don't care what you fellows say. I'm for Wilson. You kick about his foreign policy. Now you tell me what would you have done in his place? You'd have done just the same."

All Pullmandom is for preparedness, and boldly cries "Ay" to universal service, Pullmandom being generally past serviceable age. The prevailing argument is that we now have nearly all the wealth of the world—what if those impoverished European nations should unite for a raid on us? True, once in a while an anti-preparedness voice resounds: there are men who will court originality at all costs. Audible speech on the Pullman is pro-Ally.

"What the Kaiser intends to do, if he conquers Europe, is to go after South America. Then it's up to us."

"The Allies will never make peace till they've got the Kaiser on St. Helena. They'll do it, too."

The silent man in the seat nearest the door looks grim, grimmer, German. He clears his throat, thinks better of it, and retires into the Pullman.

And now the train enters the jaws of a deep valley. The scenery is beginning, and the ladies issue upon the observation platform. Hushed is the voice of business and high politics. For when traveling men and tourist ladies come into conjunction upon the observation platform, intelligence plunges downward to its lowest level. Mind at its dawn is chiefly occupied with learning the names of objects, with bestowing names where none were needed, with inventing nicknames where names are already at hand. What was the first intellectual exercise of Adam and Eve? Naming the animals.

"What is the name of that funny, pointed mountain?" demands the stout lady with the kodak.

"That's Jael's tentpin," replies the obsequious functionary who lives by selling souvenirs, with rights to his information service thrown in. "That other mountain is Jael's hammer."

"Oh," breathes the stout lady, appeased. Two bits of the alien universe clamped down with names.

"They call this Feather River," remarks the perennially kittenish lady in blue taffeta, turning toward the background of traveling men with an all-embracing, glacier-thawing smile. "I haven't seen any feathers on it."

The broad real-estate man from Los Angeles is stirred to creative imagination. "See those two wheatstack mountains?" Immense cones, their apices bare and black under masses of whirling white cloud, their slopes cased with glistening ice, fringed below with live waters sparkling in the sun. "They call 'em the Two Bridesmaids. I'd call 'em the Two Nigger Mammies. See their black heads and their white caps, their ragged muslin wrappers, with spangles on 'em."

The stout lady reflects, the kittenish lady smiles, the spare lady from Indiana knots her brows. Nicknaming is witty, but it obscures the memory of real names.

"Do tell me," she appeals to the functionary, "what is the name of that queer mountain?"

"That is Moses and the Ten Tables of Stone. There is one table, see? There is Number Two (pointing), Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine."

"But where is the tenth?" demands the spare

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lady from Indiana, straining her face painfully.

"Well, you see, lady, this is Nevada, and Moses forgot to bring one of them tables along. I forget which, but you ladies will know."

The traveling men guffaw and the ladies, even the kittenish one, look very serious and un-understanding. Awfully witty, but we *e medio occidente* know we mustn't encourage that sort of thing.

Well, let us sedate folk retire to the little square smoking compartment in the Pullman, where the white alkali dust filters remorselessly over the polished nickel of the lavatories, over the towels folded neatly in the high racks, over the black leather seats and the two or three unsocial individuals brooding in them. These are types of the men who travel, yet neither talk nor die of ennui. They come down by narrow gauge out of lonely valleys, where mines are opening or irrigation projects approaching realization. Or they come in by motor from paper boom towns, or on horseback from speculative ranches among the cacti. Gray clothes, gray eyes, graying hair, spare of limb, knotted of brow, they are hard after Fortune, like exhausted grayhounds on the heels of an exhausted hare. They are obvious celibates, they seem never to eat, they drink water incontinently. Scarcely a word passes their lips, but they are easily moved to laughter—full throated, sharp, barking. As you study them your memory digs up a long-submerged circus barker's formula:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the laughing monkey. He eats sparingly, he drinks nothing but water, he does not mate in captivity. And why in thunder he laughs is unknown to science."

Pullman America is interested in the means of life, not in the ends. Listen to its talk for ten thousand miles, you will hear no word about religion or philosophy, art or pure science, unless perchance by way of dispraise. "You know Jim Harden? Well, say, he's a nut. We went up to little old New York together and, say, he wouldn't hear of anything but music. We went to one of those symphony concerts—simply awful—and Jim sat there hanging over the balcony railing, as if he wanted to eat the music up. You couldn't say a word to him, he was that afraid he'd miss just one little note. My, oh, I'd hate to be like that."

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Calls Conscription a Necessity

SIR: I have read with great interest the articles in your able paper on universal service. That they have almost entirely been against it so far is, perhaps, a good thing, because it makes those of us who believe in it stop and think and attempt to analyze the reasons why we believe in it, instead of merely allowing ourselves to be swayed by a popular emotion into something which may be regretted hereafter. I am therefore taking the liberty to express somewhat briefly the case for universal service in an analytical form, stating as I see them the reasons for believing in this doctrine.

Granting, as I presume you do, that a country should be prepared for war, we will find that this may be done by:

(a) Absolute voluntary service, or
(b) Absolute universal service and training, or
(c) Some intermediate measure.

Considering voluntary service for a moment, let us examine how it is possible to have arrived at such a policy. We find on examination that the state requires certain things for its existence: money with which to meet its various needs; civil service—clerical, legislative, judicial, etc.; and military service. All of these may be obtained by voluntary contributions, requisitions by the state on its citizens, or by intermediary methods. In other words, the state may require its citizens to furnish it money or service; it may request them to give these voluntarily, or it may, in the case of service, purchase it. Taking the question of money it is obvious that the voluntary method is impractical. It is very unlikely that a state would be able to exist long or count on a consistent income if its only source of income were voluntary donations by its citizens. Obviously also certain very definite budgets must be met and a very definite amount of money raised each year; and this being the case the state very properly exerts its prerogative and through its powers of taxation requisitions from its citizens the money that must be raised. We have here a process of universal service, sanctioned by every rule of reason, and by custom.

In the sphere of civil service we find all three forms of securing such services in operation. Voluntary service is seen in certain civic boards, as boards of education, conservation boards, etc.; purchased service in our civil-service lists, clerical capacities, police forces, legislative bodies, judiciary, etc.; and conscription in certain cases, of which jury duty is probably the most notable example. Therefore, when we come to the question of military policy we find that we have precedents on both sides—we find that the state undoubtedly has the power to requisition the services of its citizens, and so the question resolves itself into one of expediency alone.

Looking at the whole problem broadly, we must arrive at the following conclusions: The form in which the state secures its services, either of time or money, depends upon the definiteness with which it is able to foretell its requirements and the ease with which it can obtain the quantity which it needs. It always will try the voluntary system first, then the purchase, and then finally, if all other systems fail and the need is imperative enough, will fall back on requisition.

That is the crux of the problem. The power of imagination is but little strained to foresee its tangible, financial requirements; but as we approach the intangible needs—especially military service—it becomes more and more difficult to foresee the exact demands which may be made, and

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more and more easy to simply avoid the question and underestimate them, making the big mistake of confusing potential power with actual power.

It ought to be possible, and our military experts tell us it is possible, to foretell our military requirements. Given certain definite policies to maintain, and certain areas to defend, it requires a certain force to maintain them. How then shall such a force be created? In the times when we were more isolated, when we were less of a world power than we are now, it was (or seemed to be) possible to create it out of those of our citizens who for one reason or another would volunteer for this service. But times have changed, and the requirements besides being more arduous and exacting have to be met much more promptly. We must therefore exert our imagination more, must rely on our experts, and ascertain as accurately as possible what our requirements are before concluding as to how we can fulfill them. Voluntary service is defensible only in so far as it enables us to meet our needs; and if conscription conflicts with certain of our other ideals, we must make our choice as to which is the lesser evil: that of relinquishing certain liberties, or running the chance of being overcome.

From some small personal experience and through considerable correspondence with army officers and military men of all ranks, the following facts have been ascertained:

(a) We shall probably require for the first line of defense against a first-rate power about 500,000 men ready to take the field at a moment's notice, and about as many more within ninety days.

(b) Our voluntary system will not give a regular army of much over 125,000 men.

(c) To make a first-line man requires

1. Adequate physical training;
2. Adequate mental training—generally termed "discipline";
3. Certain technical training.

The combination of these three requisites, of which the second is the most important and hardest to get, requires an intensive training of, on the average, not less than nine months immediately prior to going into action.

This therefore means a "regular" army of about 500,000 men. How can it be secured? Not voluntarily, because the records of our recruiting stations show that this is impossible under present conditions. It must be obtained, therefore, by

(a) Purchase of service, or

(b) Conscription.

Purchase of service means that we compete with the regular labor market. It means a hired standing army. Financially it would double or treble our present appropriations; and from a practical standpoint, it may be considered to be unfeasible.

If these facts be true, therefore—and judging by the information from the best sources at our disposal they are—they point to only one conclusion: some form of conscription if we decide not to run the chance of being conquered.

But conscription would result in a large excess of force. Instead of half a million we would have one or two million. What then can we do? There are several ways proposed, including large classes of exemption based on service in other forms to the state, such as the medical profession, civil service, etc.; high physical requirements; choice by lot as with jury duty; or a reduced tenure of service. Resulting from a study of this problem several systems known respectively as the Swiss Military System, the Australian Military System, and others have been evolved. The Australian System still remains to be proved as to value. But whatever system is chosen it must meet the following requirements:

(a) A sufficient force immediately available, and a sufficient reserve force.

(b) A first line force adequately prepared physically, mentally and technically at the time of need.

All this has its disadvantages. I admit a great deal of what both Mr. Angell and Mr. Dewey say, and I regret with them the seeming necessity. It is, so to speak, a tragedy of circumstances; but the facts remain.

It is not for us to decide whether we want universal service with all its disadvantages, or voluntary service with all its freedom. We must not be diverted by a discussion of its by-products, advantages or disadvantages. That question is not in our hands. Our decision must be one of policy—do we want to defend our doctrines or not? If we do we must prepare; we cannot eat our cake and have it.

D. A. Wilcox.

New York City.

Compulsion vs. Ideals

SIR: Professor Ralph Barton Perry's article on "The Vigil of Arms" in your issue of May 27th contains some astounding statements. Professor Perry calmly asserts that "compulsory military service is in principle contrary to no ideal." It seems impossible that he should not know that it is, on the contrary, opposed to the ideals of many. Tolstoians, Quakers, and the Fellowship of Reconciliation all hold war to be murder and participation in it abhorrent. The Anti-Enlistment League has enrolled several thousand men and women who believe that little or no distinction can be drawn between so-called "defensive" and "offensive" wars, and consequently have pledged themselves not to engage in any war. Professor Perry's treatment of these groups as philosophically non-existent, is to say the least, puzzling.

In a later paragraph, when speaking of dissent in wartime, Professor Perry says, "If his conscience is offended, so much the worse for his conscience. What he needs is a new conscience which will teach him to keep the faith with his fellows." Such advice would be more befitting a German general silencing Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, or an English censor muzzling Bertrand Russell and Sir Arthur Ponsonby than a prominent American teacher. Professor Perry's summum bonum is "keeping the faith with his fellows," and this means to him, keeping the faith with the men under the same flag. What he neglects to see is that the term "fellow" means different things to different men.

As a subsidiary virtue, to be sure, Professor Perry approves of that individualism which boldly asserts what it believes to be right. But should it ever conflict with nationalism (as conflict it sometimes must) it must yield. It must be busy when Professor Perry wishes it to be, and silent when he believes it should be still.

Professor Perry's attitude is analogous to that of the London journal which advised England "to suspend the national conscience for five years." He has framed a double-standard of morality, one for peace and a totally different one for war. Woe betide any man who, in time of war, attempts to follow John Stuart Mill's dictum, that a man's first duty is "to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead!"

Paul H. Douglas.

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Books and Things

WHEN was the right moment to advertise one's liking for "The Way of All Flesh"? Shaw's preface to "Major Barbara" was not published until 1907. The second English edition of Butler's novel was not published until 1908, and in the next year or so a few copies found their way to this country. These were still so few by 1910 or '11 that if you talked big about Butler people were not impressed. Nevertheless, there must have been a golden moment when the observers of "The Way of All Flesh" were still few enough to be distinguished and already many enough to make themselves heard. This moment has gone. We are to-day that next generation whom Butler wrote for, and we find his novel easy to understand and a little old-fashioned and immensely stimulating. Here is the first American edition, published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, well printed, price a dollar and a half, a book to buy, to read, to keep and not to lend.

On the paper cover which protects the blue cloth binding there is a quotation from Arnold Bennett, to whom Mr. Robert H. Davis had said: "Do you know a novel called 'The Way of All Flesh'?" And Mr. Bennett answered: "I do. It is one of the great novels of the world." Such praise is useful because coming from Mr. Bennett it makes people want to read. Such praise is harmless because Butler is so lively that after you have read a few pages you stop wondering why Mr. Bennett dragged greatness in. You forget that Butler's novel is unlike what you were led by Mr. Bennett's praise to expect. It is unlike any other novel either great or small. It is like a wise selection from the Note-Books of Samuel Butler, arranged at first as a Pontifex family history and at the end as a biography of Ernest Pontifex.

These Pontifexes, who started in a small way, rise into a higher air of public school, Cambridge, fixed incomes and holy orders. Most of the dramatis personae look safe enough if you judge them by their labels, but you soon discover that the labels do not mean to Butler what they meant to most English novelists in 1880. His school teachers like teaching because it is tyranny made easy, and not for any other reason. His young men take holy orders reluctantly, because they have not courage enough and imagination enough to resist family pressure. His husbands and wives, who normally have married without love, endure each another well or ill, as the case may be. Parents dislike their children and never acknowledge to themselves that this dislike exists and controls their decisions. Children are slow to acknowledge how sincerely they detest their parents. Small incomes look up admiringly to large incomes, and large incomes respect one another. Rare is the man who has the eye to perceive or the realism to own what he genuinely feels.

Ernest Pontifex's career is a shock to his self-deceiving people. It begins in the ordinary way, it follows the ordinary routine through public school and Cambridge to holy orders, for which he has no turn. But after taking holy orders Ernest does and suffers strange things. He goes to prison for six months because, in the words of the judge who sentences him: "It is not likely that in the healthy atmosphere of such a school as Roughborough you can have come across contaminating influences; you were probably, I may say certainly, impressed at school with the heinousness of any attempt to depart from the strictest chastity until such time as you had entered into a state of matrimony. . . . For the last four or five months you have been a clergyman, and if a single impure thought had still remained within your mind, ordination should have removed it; nevertheless, not only does it appear that your mind is as impure as though none of the influences to which I have referred had been brought to bear upon it, but it seems as though their only result had been this—that you have not even the common sense to be able to distinguish between a respectable girl and a prostitute." Soon after getting out of prison Ernest marries a prostitute named Ellen, who used to be his mother's maid, and with her sets up a small second-hand clothing shop. He is in despair when he learns that Ellen is a drunkard, and overjoyed when he learns that she has a husband living. When the novel closes Ernest is in possession of a fortune, he knows what he likes and what he dislikes, and he gives himself to the writing of unpopular books which a later generation will appreciate. But this happy ending is not arbitrary, for we have known since page 168 that Ernest would come into a fortune at twenty-eight.

This story is told and commented upon by an active-minded somebody who is Butler himself, who has Butler's humor and wit, his power of shrewd contentious observation, his surprising first hand common sense. This narrator is the partisan of one point of view, Samuel Butler's own. To his habit of observing with his own eyes he owes his discovery that life is absolutely unlike what the romanticists and sentimentalists have told him about it, and his attention becomes the slave of this discovery. He literally cannot pay attention to any motive or any act or any feeling which might weaken his faith. For the romantic and the sentimental illusion he has substituted a hard-headed illusion of his own. He has the keenest nose for evidence that strengthens his case, and in the presence of any other kind of evidence he loses his sense of smell. No other novelist with a mind has such an unpliable mind. Life can no longer either astonish or puzzle him. It never contradicts itself. It is always the good dependable raw material for comment delivered in a voice quietly and uniformly nipping.

Butler has excluded from his novel all those isolated mountain-top feelings which first gave the romanticists the tip for their convention that the levels are like the high spots. He has excluded everything indistinct. He does incline, to be sure, to the view "that it is our less conscious thoughts and our less conscious actions which mainly mould our lives, and the lives of those who spring from us." I am not familiar enough with his other writings to know what this view did to his thinking, but it has done almost nothing to "The Way of All Flesh," where there is neither darkness nor dimness nor sudden light, where the same light falls equally upon all parts of a world as clear as one would be which contained only conscious actions and conscious thoughts.

And yet, although Butler's self-made dissent from conventional beliefs does rather monotonously dictate to him, does keep him out of the class of perfectly free observers, the details of his dissent are endlessly amusing and original. Every now and then his observation sounds forced, but even if it never had been, and even if he had lived in a world about which nobody had ever told him any lies, he would still have acquired the belief in which "The Way of All Flesh" is rooted. This belief, as valid for the real confusing world as for Butler's simplified world, is a belief that hardly anybody knows what he likes and how he feels, and that for everybody the beginning of wisdom is to find out.

P. L.

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The Hope of Democracy

Democracy and Education, by John Dewey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.40.

IT is impossible to read this book quickly, not because it is unclear but because it evokes a constant activity on the part of the reader. As in Meredith's poetry or in Santayana's prose each word is heavily freighted with an unuttered context of meanings. The reader has to supply that context. The moment he relaxes and reads words rather than meanings he is lost. There are none of those merciful padded spaces in which the reader is able to become passive and still retain a comfortable glow of understanding. Each clause is a tightly packed and organized statement. Mr. Dewey supplies nothing that he thinks the reader might supply himself. He starts a train of thought, and instead of developing its implication himself, he passes on as soon as he thinks the reader is capable of going it alone. He has a very high opinion of his readers. It is a book of four hundred closely printed pages full of that impatience which great minds have—the impatience which concentrates entirely on the difficult points, which slips past the easier parts, never labors a platitude or a facile argument and always seeks out the arduous problem. The result is not information or propaganda but a book which is the mature wisdom of the finest and most powerful intellect devoted to the future of American civilization.

The theme of the book is the place and method and aim of education in a society which is exploring the possibilities of democracy. The background against which Mr. Dewey works out his own conception is the school inherited from a society in which there was a sharp division of social classes, in which culture was the property of leisure and drudgery the fate of ordinary men, in which comands came from on high, that is, from God through the rich, in which obedience was a greater virtue than self-direction, intellect was devoted chiefly to the justification of whatever is established or to verbal idleness, and science had not yet come to break down exclusiveness and offer endless hope to mankind.

The school which Mr. Dewey offers to the imagination exists already in isolated experiments, in the aspiration of modern educators, and the need of democracy. He has not invented a fad. He has done what all fertile thinkers on social subjects must do; has extracted a philosophy out of the possibilities which exist in our world. It is not a new curriculum to be imposed upon an overworked school system. It is an attitude towards schooling which expresses the meaning and the hope of a society struggling to master its own destiny. The future lies in the possibilities which the present offers: creative statecraft in education, industry or politics consists in disentangling the hopeful possibilities and in making them the deliberate purposes of teachers, politicians and workers.

This is what Mr. Dewey has done with an inexhaustible faculty of effective analysis. No one, I think, can read it with understanding and fail to find fresh significance in all his human relationships. It is an abundant book which will light the future for every one who lives with it. It is rich in that wisdom which democracies need, the common wisdom which must lie beneath the diverse activities of all the professions. It is a great book because it expresses more deeply and more comprehensively than any other that could be named the best hope of liberal men.

W. L.

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A Wrong Kind of Text-book

Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor. By George Gorham Groat. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75 net.

NOW that the American labor movement has become of sufficient importance to be deemed worthy of a place in the economics curriculum of our universities, it has of course become essential that it should be treated in a text-book. Professor Groat's volume is a typical example of this kind of work. There can be no doubt that he is eminently well informed, thoroughly conscientious, admirably painstaking. He knows that he is dealing with a delicate subject, since there are colleges in America the trustees of which do not desire too close an intimacy on the part of their students with labor problems, and he is therefore splendidly impartial. His book is exactly what one would have expected under the conditions. It is ponderous, it is dull, and I am afraid that it cannot be called illuminating. As a handbook it undoubtedly manages to crowd an enormous number of facts into its four hundred and eighty pages. It gives solid masses of statistics. It is packed with definitions. Like the true text-book, it does not deflect the reader's attention by the presence of footnotes. It will be admirable for the purpose of the class-room "quiz" and the sessional examination. But when these merits have been emphasized its value is exhausted.

For it is essentially an unattractive book, and that although it deals with one of the most absorbing problems of our time. The future of American labor, is, after all, the basic question with which we have to deal. It is at a

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more interesting stage in its history than ever before. For labor has at last become articulate, and in every varied form of literary effort we are given the exuberant manifestation of its spirit. That is the more welcome since, I believe, no age has been more thoroughly receptive to its demands. We are genuinely discontented with poverty. We are dissatisfied with the plutocratic organization of industry. We are tired of an effete legalism which would stifle our legislative ideals in the narrow swaddling clothes of the Fourteenth amendment. People are everywhere demanding the right to live a richer and fuller life. The spirit of unrest in modern education, the attempt everywhere to systematize our knowledge of the needs of the time—these surely are symptomatic of a new and vital temper. What is wanted, above all in the field of economics, is a text-book that is something more than a meagre study of its anatomy. The only gift to the student must be the analysis of its spirit in the light of its physiology. What in fact we need in the field with which Professor Groat has dealt is a book that, summarizing very briefly the facts of labor organization—I have in mind certain admirable chapters in Mr. Louis Levine's "Syndicalism in France"—will proceed to tell us what the labor movement means. Such a book would explain that fundamental difference, for instance, between the economic philosophy of the American Federation of Labor, which is narrow and particularist, and the mystic generosity of the axioms of the I. W. W. Upon the right understanding of that difference depends our knowledge of the future of American labor. It would discuss the moral and legal validity of labor methods, not merely in their absolute aspect, but also in relation to the peculiar environment they have to confront. It would interpret phenomena like the Rockefeller despotism in Colorado, and the ungenial anarchy of the garment-trades of New York. It would strive to show the influence of foreign and especially illiterate immigration first upon the standards of American life, and, as a consequence, upon the rates of American wages. It would attempt to analyze labor unrest in terms of the increased cost of living. It would discuss those fundamental plans of industrial and social reconstruction of which our time has been significantly prolific. It would study the moral import of the growth of labor internationalism. What essentially the writer would attempt would be to sketch in a rapid survey the perspective of labor in the shifting drama of American life. The result would be a piece of work that might compare not unfavorably with the magistral analysis of Mr. and Mrs. Webb. It might equally contribute to the building of a new industrial structure.

The student who comes into contact with Professor Groat's book will understand nothing of all this. He will be utterly unable to penetrate behind its dry lists of facts to the living hopes of men and women for which they stand. He will not understand the working of those fundamental human motives which in Paterson and West Virginia sent men into revolt against what they deemed injustice. He will not realize why the exordium of the Communist Manifesto remains, after sixty years, a trumpet which can still stir to action.

Dean Haskins has recently complained—and no one in America to-day speaks with more authority—of the undergraduate's lack of intellectual alertness. I think in all soberness that books of this kind are largely responsible for that temper. The dry bones must be made to live. The text-book on which the student is to try his teeth must arrest his intelligence. It must deal clearly and even eagerly with the fundamental issues. It must not be a miniature encyclopedia with a bad bibliography and an inadequate index. Books of the kind I have suggested are in fact to be found. Dean Haskins himself has written such an one on his own special subject of Norman history. It sets the reader's pulses tingling with its scholarly vitality. Mr. Graham Wallas has shown us that social psychology can be at once profound and interesting. Professor Maitland contrived to be as masterly as he was gaily epigrammatic. Mr. Cannan and Mr. Hartley Withers have rescued economics from the reproach of dulness. Mr. Justice Holmes has set the common law to the rhythm of life. If Professor Groat will take his volume and add to his conscientiousness a determination to make his reader either thoroughly angry or extravagantly pleased—anything but intellectually woe-begone—he will have contributed much to the technique of economic instruction. He will also have aided greatly in making the general public capable of meditation on the most outstanding of its permanent issues. H. J. L.

A Misadventure

Ventures in Worlds, by Marian Cox. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, $1.25 net.

WAS it so long ago that the articulate woman rebel seemed a gay and welcome discovery? The more iconoclasts, we then felt, the better—especially the more women iconoclasts. Feminine assaults on our Dogberry conventions were a heartening spectacle, for protest and revolt were the fashion. Eloquent revelations of stupidity by the feminists were cheerfully hailed as an indication of the renaissance. We seldom asked that the line be crossed to constructive thinking. But we have grown more cautious; we expect almost a philosophy to-day, at least a conscientious attempt to formulate a method of attack. We have become very critical of our women "intellectuals." Twenty years ago Miss Cox's discovery that our home life lacks passion, that marriage—conventionally supposed to be an idealization of love and its goal—is really a complex conspiracy to rob love of its romance and "mystic sensuous" stir, would have been considered a remarkable *tour de force*. It seems a little stale now. We don't any longer regard an essay built around a similar theme as an inevitable sign of intellectual power.

Yet the best parts of Miss Cox's book have this old-fashioned, revolutionary quality, the 1890 accent of rasping impatience at social absurdities. These sentences are from "Our Incestuous Marriage": "As soon as a man and woman marry—perhaps propelled by the primal dream of home as the nest of seclusion and privacy—they are at once thrust into a realization of the appalling publicity of their Home Performance. The System and Society demand of the fated ones that they shall perform together in this home all the imperative functions which create the appearance and results of marriage:—eating and drinking and sleeping and breeding and going out together, always together, the two as one, an eternal togetherness without a solitary taboo." But one almost forgives the obvious, the Carlyle capitals, the stridulence, because it is the note of frank rebellion. It is a note which Miss Cox sounds now and again in her two essays on the Japanese woman, whom she studied at first hand. Occasionally these essays have a sort of empirical and descriptive vigor.

However, it is not as an old-fashioned revolutionist that Miss Cox desires to be justified, it is as a modern thinker.

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It is hardly as the apostle of belated enthusiasms that she would like to be considered; she would prefer to be thought of as the prophet of new insights. Now this claim, although I believe it to be quite unwarranted, certainly merits attention. For it is a claim put forward by a whole group of writers of whom Miss Cox happens to be a representative instance. "Ventures in Worlds" is characteristic of much of the "intellectualism" which is so easily mistaken for radical thought. It is the perpetual and perennial bad boy of careful scholarship, the kind of book that makes the conservative reactionary and the reactionary self-complacent. It awakens instinctive distrust; the suspicion of its valuelessness cuts deeper than the mere ostensible argument. Such scorn may be unreasonable and undeserved, it may be just a "defense reaction" against uncomfortable truths—yet it will inevitably be aroused by Miss Cox's style. If she really wants to convince anybody, she should curb her pretentious manner; otherwise her readers will make a shrewd guess that what she wants to impress upon them is not so much the integrity of her argument as the cleverness of her wits. Consider first of all, then, the manner.

There is a style of paradox which stands up so straight in the matter of sheer perversity that it finally leans over backwards into common sense. G. K. Chesterton is an adept at this amusing trick. Yet it isn't the only style and it isn't that of Miss Cox or her kind. Theirs is the paradox of juxtaposition and unexpected affinities—"baton and bayonet" in "Our Musical Culture," also "melomania, megalomania, mammon and militarism." It is about as sincere as the verbalism of a dinner-table punster and often evokes the adjective "brilliant." Occasionally Miss Cox is graceful; oftenest she is jerky and self-conscious. It is the style of slip-shod quotation. (On page 34 she quotes a passage from William James as from Henry James, and misquotes it at that.) It likes the jargon of inaccurate physiological psychology and talks learnedly of "neurosis," "psychiatry" and "analgesia." It loves to clothe the meagrest observation in elaborate words. It expresses the curious notion that to be clever, a writer must never be caught voicing her deepest convictions, that she should remain scrupulously in the rarefied atmosphere of the top, intellectual layers of the mind and should blush to be found in the snug valleys of animal feeling. It is moving-picture intellectualism, this style—spurts of thin, nervous ratiocination. It is usually amusing, now and then provocative, but invariably minus warmth and body and massiveness. "Man has never conquered woman by his strength but by his subtlety," writes Miss Cox. "The master-stroke of genius in subjugating her was in his making her love dress and decoration in herself instead of—as nature intended—in man. Hence the complete transposition in the original sex rôles, from the male's desire and effort to please the female's senses to the female's desire to please the man's senses; so evident to-day." These are the seven-leagued biological and evolutionary boots of generalization, always worn by this nimbly-skipping style.

And as for the matter, the kernel contentions introduced with such a bewildering flourish, what are they? Frankly, half of them are platitudes and the other half nonsense. What is not a truism is likely to be an absurdity. I learned that musical culture was "an erotico-religious-dementia-praecox, a disease of the soldiers and the snobs of our man-made structure of society," that music should be restricted to medical use, that it was "the sensitive individualism of the primitive man that made him by nature a monogamist" and the mystical individualism of the modern

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man which is making him a bachelor, that the normal man was in essence the criminal man, that happiness, stealing a page from Nietzsche, comes only through joyful pain, and that the tailor-made suit has done more to emancipate the American woman than any other influence. All these statements and many more like them may be profoundly true; who can say? But if Miss Cox wants us to believe they are she must employ a little more honesty and intellectual care and abandon her epigrammatic rhetoric. More preposterous arguments have been maintained by able writers and warmly espoused by a public delighted with novelty. Nevertheless, whether Miss Cox becomes convincingly absurd or remains unconvincingly ridiculous, what she has to say will still seem almost tragically unimportant. The war is nearly over, and we are somewhat tired of revolt, whether of nations or of intellectuals. We are already talking reconstruction.

HAROLD STEARNS.

Archaism

The Great Maze; The Heart of Youth, by Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A SIMPLE man married to a subtle woman goes off to war, leaving her alone for years. In her bitter loneliness, hearing reports of his casual infidelity, she consoles herself with a lover—inferior to her husband in simplicity, but superior in subtlety. The husband returns, is unable to understand his wife; and she is goaded by the lover to murder him. Who is guilty? What do the dramatis personae feel, and why? This theme would make an interesting study for any modern psychological novelist. It could be used to prove that simple husbands deserve fidelity, or subtle wives deserve understanding, or both. It could be used to dissect an inevitable tragedy in any such arrangement. To do any of these things in heroic blank verse would seem rather incongruous, but permissible if the verse were an adequate expression. Yet there is no good reason in this narrative for calling the woman Clytaemnestra, the man Agamemnon, the lover Aegisthus. Such associations as these names borrow from Homer and the Attic dramatists are not germane to the spirit of this poem. They emphasize the incongruities of the verse without helping the insight. They suggest a style, both of living and of writing, which makes the modern intimacy and the Tennysonian imagery of Mr. Hagedorn's work seem less noble than they are. For it would not be just to omit that "The Great Maze" contains many lovely pictures and intricately felt emotions.

"The Heart of Youth" is better, not in detail but in conception, for it uses a mediaeval story to show a mediaeval moral. A young follower of a saintly monk longs for the rewards of this world; he leaves his master and tries to win renown by imitating the saint's healing art in behalf of a young princess about to die. In his failure and contrition he finds religion and happiness. The superiority of other-worldliness to worldliness, the lack of earthly power in one who is not humble before God, are conceptions whose charming archaism may at any time become ultra-modern; and they are at least simple enough to fit well in a poetic decoration. The only danger in using them is the danger usually fatal to pseudo-archaism; we know so well how their use has been made effective in the past that a new arrangement is likely to seem—quite without truth—an exercise in craftmanship rather than the flower of simple faith.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SAYS

in a letter to the Yale University Press:

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Theodore Roosevelt

Oyster Bay, Long Island, N.Y.
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